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VANITAS VANITUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY OTTMAR HEBERN ROTHACKER.

What are the smiles or frowns of fate?
What is a woman's love or hate?
The breath of a spirit that rules to-day,
The whim of a creature formed of clay.

What are desires for wealth and fame?
What is the dream of a noble name?
Longings for mansions of fragile glass,
Childish delight at tinkling brass.

What is the madness men call love?
Rhapsody over a ring or glove;
A wild burlesque, a silly jest,
A little storm in a little breast.

What is this tragic farce of life?
Petty misfortunes and petty strife;
Hates and loves, and hopes and fears,
A maudlin medley of smiles and tears.

Ring up the curtain, the puppets are on!
Ring down the curtain, the puppets are gone!
Flare up the lights, the play is begun!
Out with the lights, the play is done!

Away with it all! Let fools rehearse
The bitter drama of blessing and curse—
Eyes may be bright, or eyes be wet,
What is it all to me? And yet ——.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XI.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonored, was the friendless dead;
For child to weep or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head.—CAMPBELL.

Charles Ruhl gave a start and uttered a cry that was real when the elderly female declared the unhappy suicide to be her missing lodger, Mr. Congreve. Looking at the ghastly, distorted face and powerful frame, with the memory that Grimsley Congreve was indeed dead to the world upon him, Ruhl could almost fancy that the woman was correct.

There was a strong resemblance between the dead man and Congreve, in both face and figure. The coincidence in the elderly female being so positive as to the identity was less remarkable than it had first appeared when Charles remembered the whole incident of the exchange of coat and hat the night before. When the poor old lady could be brought to something approaching composure, she examined the clothes again, the vest in particular.

It was his, she said. She had braided it with her own hands when it was all played out and untidy, and the poor gentleman was so neat and particular that rags made him quite unhappy. She gave her name as Mrs. Wilkins, widow—Sarah Wilkins, as was well known. The gentleman had come to her four months ago or thereabouts. He had his things there—good linen and a change or two of clothes—but he got poorer and poorer, and they went mysterious like, though of course she couldn't be deceived as to where they did go, and at last there was no more to go. The poor gentleman, who was always quiet and uncomplaining, used to do law-copying, but it wasn't often.

"He went on and on downwards until he had not enough of food to keep life and soul together," she continued, shedding tears at every pause, and making each fullstop a sob. "Then his work fell off and he fell ill. Poor dear soul, he never would ask or borrow food or money. When he earned a little bit he paid up his rent like the true, honorable gentleman he was. For two whole days he never left his room, and, surprised-like and uneasy, I went in without knocking at the door, for I had a presentiment, as people do sometimes, that something had happened. There he was laying on the bed, a book by his side, his eyes open, but insensible. He'd neither bite nor sup the whole of them two days. Heaven forgive them that neglected him! So I nursed him through that illness, for I never would, while I'd bite or sup, see a gentleman quiet and good die want. When he got well he did some more copying, and raised a few shillings somewhere and paid me and thanked me with tears in his great big eyes, and said I'd been a mother to him. Oh, if Heaven had been so good as to give me such a son, he should never, while I had strength to work with, have wanted as that poor soul did—never!"

Here the poor old lady broke down again, entirely overcome with the memory of the distressing scene. Choking down her sobs, she went on:

"I didn't want to take his few shillings, but he was so injured; so I let 'em and used to send him up a bit of breakfast or tea. Then he used to smile like, and say I was distressing myself for one who was unworthy, and then he'd blame himself and say as how his misfortune was all his own fault, which it never could have been, then, because I would make him take food with me. So he took to staying out all day and only coming in when I was in bed. I used to put food in his room at them times. But it was only the other day he calls me up and says: 'My dear Mrs. Wilkins,' jest as if he was talking to a duchess like, 'I cannot tell you what I owe you, therefore I must insist on your not robbing yourself for me. It is a robbery for me to live on your generosity. The meals choke me when I know that I am cheating a widder woman. If you send up any more I shall even refuse your shelter.' I didn't dare to go and offer him after that, for this is what it's come to. Poor dear, he used to say he wished as how he could go off while dreaming over his book—go off to rest forever. It were rest he craved for, and he's gone to it now, and Heaven receive his soul and bless him!" Mrs. Wilkins wept again, and a little stimulant was given to her, then her name and address were taken down, and what particulars she could give of him.

"Sir, if you please," she said, when her evidence was ended, "if it aint against the laws of right, when it's all over and no one comes for them poor, worn clothes, might I humbly beg that the waistcoat might be given to keep in remembrance of one who was the kindest, gentlest, uncomplainingest of honorable gentlemen?"

"No doubt, my dear lady, that simple wish may be granted," she was informed, and Charles Ruhl spoke then.

"I feel sadly convinced," he said, "that Mrs. Wilkins is correct. I knew Mr. Congreve years ago, and, though he is much altered, I trace the lineaments of my old friend."

"You will appear at the inquest, sir?"

Ruhl signified that he would, and then left the receiving-house with Mrs. Wilkins.

"I shall call and see you," he said, placing a sovereign in her hand. "Take this as an earnest of what I shall present you in return for your very great kindness to my poor lost friend. Poor Congreve! He never should have wanted had he come to me. Good-day, Mrs. Wilkins."

"Good-day, sir," and she curtseied to him as he passed gravely on.

He had much strange food for reflection now. Brinsley Congreve was indeed amongst the things of the past. If he existed in John Hartpool, it was only as a second self.

"How strangely things work together," Ruhl thought. Brinsley wanted to wipe out old scores and begin life anew, and the strangest coincidences have woven themselves around him to make that past a forgotten page in life's history, and the future lies before him as if that past had never existed. Marvelous are thy ways, O Fate!" And with that bit of threadbare philosophy he wandered on in silence, his mind full of other things.

He did not forget the desk and diary for Amy. He purchased them before he went to the cafe to meet Hartpool. They had time to stop and smoke a cigar over a glass of wine before going on to fetch Ellen.

They had not conversed much in the cafe, and only on the most commonplace topics, Hartpool did three-fourths of the conversation. He was in good spirits to-night. Had the introduction to the tailor been given by a prince, he could not have been better treated, he said.

His own light-heartedness and lively humor served to show up all the more and make oppressively noticeable the unusual moody thoughtfulness of his friend Charles, and when they were away from the attentive ears and watchful eyes of the cafe habitues he asked Ruhl the cause.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" he said. "Touching this sombre air, this deep meditation, why is it thus?"

"Well, shall I take a leaf out of your book and quote Campbell?

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

"Fate works most industriously in your behalf, my friend. Had you been cradled out of a fairy-tale and been born again in the person of someone else, you could not have had a fairer or better start in a new path of life than you have. I looked in at the receiving-house this morning, and I shouldn't be surprised if you have to follow your own funeral."

"What do you mean?" cried Hartpool, who hated to be talked to in enigmas.

"Patience! When I got there I saw a respectable aged female reading the placard. She was trembling and weeping. Her name was Wilkins, Sarah Wilkins, widow. Is she strange to you?"

"My good-hearted old landlady," said Hartpool, feeling pale, and a chill of horror slowly coming on, though he scarcely knew why. "Go on."

"She viewed the body of the dead man. So did I. He is remarkably like you, old fellow, strangely so, Mrs. Wilkins examined the coat, vest and hat, and there was a wail, a plaintive howl of grief. She knew them, she said. The vest she had braided, the coat she recognized by the maker's name, and the hat by the same token, so she swore to the dead man being a Mr. B. Congreve, a nice dear gentleman as ever was, and there will be an inquest held on him."

"Ruhl, what are you saying? What is the meaning of this? You cannot be making me act in some absurd comedy. You denied her statement!"

"No," answered Ruhl, a strange smile stealing furtively across his lips. "I thought explanations were better left alone. The likeness was striking. I never saw anyone so much like my friend Hartpool, so I dropped a sigh over Congreve and his past, and added my own testimony to that of the respectable elderly female. So you are my friend now. All things work together for the good of him who ——"

"Don't be impious, Ruhl!" cried Hartpool sharply, and Charles, glancing at him out of the corner of his eyes, saw that he was angry, astounded, shocked, and at once changed his tone.

"Ruhl, what is your motive in making me this living falsehood—a cheat, meaner, more despicable, than the most despicable thing on earth? You must think I am dead to all sense of manhood."

"To think that would be an insult to my own common sense and perception. My motive? Your advancement and prosperity. That poor fellow had wandered from other lands to that fatal spot, and I fear will return to his native elements unrecognized, uncared for, except that he has my friend's name, and I perform a friend's sacred duty."

John Hartpool was dull-spirited now. The shadow of the coming events closed over him like a pall, he thought, and he began to regret the step he had taken, to regret that he had not faced the world boldly in his own name, leaving his follies, even if adjudged vices, to be dealt with as the world chose, but stoned for by himself.

Ruhl tried to amuse him with a graphic account of Mrs. Sarah Wilkins' pathetic little tale and affectionate demand for anything as a relic of her esteemed lodger, but Hartpool only felt meaner still, and totally unworthy of the honest-hearted little woman's affection.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Charles, trying by banter to make him either lighter-hearted or else thoroughly out of temper. Hartpool's present state of dull dejection was painfully monotonous. "You won't have to attend the inquest on yourself. The firm will dispatch you before then."

"I feel that I would turn my own executioner," responded Hartpool, with a savage snarl.

Ruhl only laughed, and begged him to look a little less like a mute, or Ellen would think they were going to take her to a funeral.

"Even that would be but a mild form of emotion to a man who has looked upon his own corpse," said John grimly. Then he suddenly burst into a sharp, short laugh, in which he seemed to vent all anomalous feelings. "We will talk over this matter to-night, Ruhl; until then—bah! let us live how we can, for die we must, though I should prefer the straight road."

He was not a man to labor long under a gloom. He had traveled a too rugged path in life, enjoying the smooth, and accepting the ups and downs as inevitable. Virtue is not always safe with such a philosophy as his.

He assumed a false gayety for Ellen's sake when they met, and during the quiet, pleasant evening at home at Mrs. Temple's it unconsciously became real. Ruhl was brilliant, in full voice, in splendid form for playing, and Ellen shared his enthusiasm. They sang duets, so did she and Hartpool, and while the piano was silent he entertained them with anecdotes of personal experience, and they bore the double charm of being original and well told.

When the ladies had retired to rest the two gentlemen sat over their grog and cigars, and held a very grave discussion. Twice John Hartpool lost his temper, and there were signs of a storm. Ruhl, cold-blooded and calm, watched him and humored him, like a man with a terrible hazard at stake.

Daylight poured in upon them and saw Charles Ruhl a little flushed, but still cool. Hartpool was hot, excited and haggard, the victim of the most violent and conflicting emotions. He was in a desperate state of mind, uncertain, wavering between ambition, that soul-consuming passion for the triumph of an hour, and a virtue which may sometimes mean only apathy, or even insensibility.

He had argued violently below his breath, had turned upon his friend in anger, and treated his sentiments and his logic with scorn, had obstinately refused to hear, and yet, striding about the room, had listened, and while he listened drunk deeply, and on the daylight had passed in and saw them part friends, for the night at least.

Ruhl had left home before the household had come down to breakfast in the morning. Hartpool was surprised, but sighed as though relieved. Ellen made no comment. Amy said that it was not civil of him, to say the least, and then warmed silent and sullen. Mrs. Temple only saw in it another proof of his good qualities.

"He is such a dear man for his business," she remarked smilingly. "No doubt he has something important to do, and thought, if he mentioned it, that one of us would get up and make him some breakfast before the accustomed hour."

After breakfast the liliputian servant gave Hartpool a scrap of paper. It was from Charles, and contained these words in pencil:

"Either wait for me at home at six, or meet me at five near the firm.—C. R."

Hartpool folded the paper and put it in his pocket. He had a habit, good or bad, of keeping every bit of correspondence that came into his possession. Events of the past were often recalled by its means, and how different did they present themselves then to what they did when occurring.

He went to Ruhl's room, selected a book, "A Tale of Two Cities," and then strolled out in a purposeless, listless way. To stay in the house till six was out of the question in his present state of mental restlessness. He took a bus to the city, and turned into the Temple, that delightful oasis in the great desert of life and din—the city. When he got tired he refreshed the inner man, and then spent an hour on the Thames Embankment.

The time to start for Saxon, Coburg & Co. was up then. He arrived at six minutes to the hour. At five precisely Ruhl came out, shook him cordially by the hand, remarking, in a grave, thoughtful way, that they would take a cab, as he had much to say to him.

"I have arranged a little delicate matter for you," he said, when they were being driven rapidly over the loose, shaking macadamized road. "I thought perhaps you would feel shy on the matter. I had no scruples. I drew this on account of your first year's salary"—handing Hartpool a check for forty pounds. "You must buy what is necessary for your bodily comfort and appearance, ready-made. The firm wish you to start in two days for Vienna. You will have a pleasant run through Germany, then farther, perhaps —perhaps not."

Ruhl's slow, sapient smile wreathed his lips as he spoke. Hartpool did not see it. He was feasting his eyes on the check, but he caught the tone and knew that the words contained a hidden meaning.

"I can make some purchases to-night," John Hartpool said, at length.

"You had better do so," Ruhl answered.

"But who is going to change the check for forty pounds for a stranger, dear boy?"

"Oh, I can get that done for you presently."

"I wonder what my friend Charles Ruhl can't do?" said Hartpool, with a reckless kind of laugh; most men of his nature are prone to become reckless with forty pounds unexpectedly showered down upon them.

"Well," answered Ruhl, contemplating his friend by a sidelong glance, "I can't go on being the motive power of a big firm, enriching others by my labors and getting only a meagre salary and a refresher now and then when Coburg feels a little more than usually generous."

"Be careful," laughed Hartpool. "Remember 'Fortune makes folly her peculiar care'—also, my friend, the 'paths of glory lead but to the grave.'"

"So does the path of life," Ruhl muttered, with a gloomy shadow on his brow.

Then he shook himself, as if to throw off his morbid feelings, and, stopping the cab, leapt lightly out.

"Let us walk," he said. "I've got the blues," and he remained in the blues pretty well all the remainder of Hartpool's stay at Kennington.

A cloud seemed lifted from his heart when at last Hartpool, who had hastily purchased wardrobe as hastily packed, left London to begin his new career. He was gone, and did not attend his own inquest, after all. That did not take place till the second day after his departure. Charles Ruhl and Mrs. Sarah Wilkins were both present.

The coroner and the jury went into the circumstances of the case with much patience and good feeling. Ruhl's evidence was taken down. The foreman of the jury regretted that the gentleman who had jumped into the water was not present, but Charles explained that it was impossible, as he was on the Continent.

"We were walking arm-in-arm at the time," he said; "we heard the plash simultaneously; my friend, quicker in his movements than I, leapt into the water. I watched him from the bank. All his efforts were fruitless. He did now see the body. Had his own apparel dried by the people at the receiving-house. I fancy the deceased is my old friend Congreve, but it is many years since we met; still the face and the figure are the same."

Then came Sarah Wilkins. She reiterated all that she had said at the receiving-house. She could swear to the clothes. How did she know of the name in the hat? She had brushed it and put it away when he was ill. He had bought that and a pair of boots out of the money he got for something he wrote for the papers. Were the boots his? Like his, yes. Side-springs, single soles. She thought she could swear to 'em. Could swear to the hat and coat and waistcoat. Could swear that his name was Congreve. It was spelt for her. Was she sure that was correct? Yes, she was quite sure.

"Brinsley Congreve," suggested Ruhl. Ah, yes, that was it! Knew it was B something. That was it. She was sure the deceased was her late lodger. Could swear to him. The old novel she had lent him was found in his coat-tail pocket. Then she recounted his life, his struggle against poverty and hunger, his pride. How he would always read, and used to say he'd like to go off quiet-like one of these days. He had nothing to live for.

"Had he no friends?" This question was put by the coroner.

No. Ruhl answered this question, and then gave a brief account of who he was, and the state of his property, and his unfortunate mother. The coroner and the jury expressed deep sympathy for the deceased, and after a short deliberation returned a verdict of—Suicide while in a state of unsound mind.

So, by the laws of the country, Ruhl was allowed to give him decent burial in consecrated ground, paying the expense himself until someone connected with the Congreves should turn up. So the poor fellow was buried, and on a single slab was told to the world that "Here lies Mr. Brinsley Congreve, graduate of Edinburgh University, who, bereft of reason by cruel misfortune, died by his own act."

The dates followed, as usual, so that Brinsley Congreve's grave, opened and occupied before its time, concealed a fraud and published to the world a falsehood and a blasphemy.

CHAPTER XII.

Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.—SHAKESPEARE.

With the departure of John Hartpool the motive that had induced Ellen to spend more time at home ceased. He had been a pleasant change from the dull sameness of their daily life. The old songs and other stock pieces for the pianoforte had grown long since stale. Charles had told all his anecdotes, they knew every important or humorous incident in his life, and he had become so much a member of the family as to settle down to their humdrum way of life. Such companionship as this would alone destroy love's budding blossom

"I begin to think," Ruhl had said to Mrs. Temple, "that the love which binds two hearts together for life never grows if the two parties live together under the same roof. There is something in the familiarity that is too commonplace to admit of the tender and sublime passion which is poetry itself, and therefore cannot spring from the actual hotbed of domestic realisms," and Charles Ruhl was right.

Ellen began to grow slowly growing discontent. The evenings at home were so many hours of gaping monotony—everything—conversation, music, and song—all lacked fun. Charles was silently sad, but patient; Ellen restless and fretful. The time was not long coming when she broke out again in her self-willed way.

"What time shall I meet you, princess?" asked Charles, as usual.

"Not at all to-night, thank you, Charles. I am going out with one of the young ladies of the firm. I shall not be late, and she will see me into an omnibus."

"Very well, ladybird," he said, with a patient sigh and a slow smile, that flitted faintly and then went out, like the rays of an April sun suddenly cut off by a sombre, writing cloud. Ellen, the daring child!

This was the beginning of Ellen having her own way. She went out and came home when she chose. Charles no longer pressed his company upon her. It they met it was by accident. If they went out together it was by Ellen's request. Ruhl was determined to let events go their own way.

"You cannot stem the tide," he thought sadly, "nor change a river's course. I do not want to become a fatalist, but I fancy that what is to be will be."

But Mrs. Temple took a different view of the case. A stern sense of duty, a mother's duty, made stronger by a mother's love and fear for her child's welfare, made her take prompt action in the matter. She went to the firm and spoke to one of the lady principals, not hiding a single truth, however unpleasant that truth was.

"Either my daughter must stay in the house," she said, "or someone who has power over her must use some influence, or she will be lost."

The lady principal felt considerably shocked. To her Ellen had seemed all that was proper, pure and refined. She promised to exert her influence, and she did. She sought Ellen, and suggested to her that since her services had become so valuable it was thought necessary that she should board and lodge in the house. The gravity of her tone, the suddenness of this change, told Ellen that something had happened.

"My mother has been here," she almost involuntarily exclaimed.

The lady principal confessed she had, and then read Ellen a mild lecture.

"My dear madam," answered Ellen, with a calm dignity that did honor to the family from which she sprang, "not for a moment forgetting the kindly interest you have taken in me since I have had the honor of serving you; yet—and I hope you will think so—wishing to show any ingratitude for all that you have done for me, still I must now and for good let you see that I distinctly put my foot down against any attempt at control over my actions as an independent person when I leave here. As to staying in the house, it means a mild form of bondage, to which I never will consent. Prudery I don't mind; captivity I do. If that is the choice on which I am to remain, I would rather at once submit my resignation."

"Very well, Miss Temple; it must be so. A decisive step one way or the other is necessary for your own sake—for the firm's sake. If you should have to suffer wrongs or scandal, you must bear it, but this firm cannot be made the theme of public gossip."

Ellen colored to the roots of her hair.

"Madam ——"

"We need not pursue the discussion, Miss Temple. I am simply sorry that you shut your ears to the advice of those older and more experienced than yourself. I shall be sorry—so will others here be—to lose you, for I like and respect you, and so do they. I wonder that a lady of your abilities and education has not more self-esteem."

She turned away as she spoke, and Ellen, stricken down, angered, mortified and choking, hurried home. There she gave vent to her rage and shame in a burst of tears, and when they were checked there was a scene.

"You have lost me my position!" she said angrily, her eyes flashing upon her mother. "Now I hope you are satisfied. Who will keep me now?"

"I will, if you will consent to let me," said Charles Ruhl, entering the room and speaking very tenderly.

"Respect our privacy and our domestic quarrels, if you please, Mr. Ruhl. Your conspiracy has quite failed in effecting its purpose. I blush for my mother, and I despise you. I am turned away as if I were the vilest creature on earth!"

"You are not speaking the truth, Ellen," said Mrs. Temple calmly; "your anger makes your forget yourself. If you leave, it will be by your own free will. You will not leave the firm in disgrace, but to prevent disgrace. I would much rather have you at home with me, Ellen."

"Yes, to be an illclothed drudge, or a pensioner on Charles Ruhl! He is to bear the burden of this house upon his shoulders, is he not?—and what is to be the return? Is he its master, and the master of me? You would barter me like a sheep or a horse, and this from the wife of a Temple, whose crest has ever been without a blemish! Fie, on you! O Charles! I had dreamed of you for being more of a man than this; I had loved you with quite a sisterly love, because I thought you worthy of being a friend and a brother to me."

"Ellen," said Charles Ruhl huskily, and with trembling lips, "a word more in that strain and I leave this house forever. You accuse me of having the burden—by which I presume you mean the expense—of this house on my shoulders. That is unjust, untrue. Since I commenced my career in England, many, many years ago, I have never known the comfort of a female companion or friend. I have been a homeless, lonely man unknown. Deprived of the blessing of a parent's fireside, a stranger to the shelter of a homely roof, desolate in this great city, desolate as the winds that sweep the seas, always craving for quiet and the peace of a home, my heart yearning for a gentler companionship than that of men, who change with their circumstances and every change of place, I have found refuge from despending loneliness in years of incessant labor, with but one purpose in view—that purpose to find or create a peaceful home, someone to share it with me and lighten the cares of life, for life alone brings its own cares. The home I found at last—a happy, contented resting-place, where tender faces and gentle words made every hour spent in it sweet to me. That home is here. How little have I contributed towards its comforts! How poorly, how meanly have I repaid your dear, kind mamma for the long term of happiness and peace she has afforded me!"

His voice grew subdued and tearful, and the pale lips quivered. But his heart alone wept.

"I had hoped at first that I had found the companion that my soul yearned for. But it is not to be. From to-night I ask mamma to let me keep a corner in the old home, that I may return when my toilsome journeys are done, that I may feel the tranquil pleasure of knowing that there is a home, a hallowed place to me, where I can retire and rest. I shall travel again for the firm, and so relieve you of my presence, and perhaps in time I may conquer this love, stifle it down as something that must not—shall not exist, for—for your sake, Ellen! For—your—sake."

His voice broke down then, two large hot tears stood trembling on his white cheeks, and before he could dash them away there was a cry, and Amy, the impetuous, had flown into his arms.

"Charles, Charles," she said, as if her little heart would burst, "don't take on so! Don't, dear, dear Charles! Oh, it was cruel of her—cruel, cruel; but you shall be rewarded some day. O mamma! tell him that there is a place in your home for him always! Charles, so good, so kind, and patient—patient with me and with Ellen too, and who does work hard to teach and improve me. I'll never be obstinate nor naughty again, indeed I won't!" The outburst was over, and she sobbed aloud.

"Little pet sister," said Charles, drawing her to his side, and stooping to kiss her. Then he held one of her plump brown hands, and placed his own on her soft flowing hair.

Few things strike home to a woman so much as to see a man in tears. Ellen was deeply affected. Her heart melted at once.

"O Charles! I can't see you like that," she said, gliding up in front of him, and wiping his damp face with her own handkerchief. "I never meant what I said. Forgive me, dear Charles."

But he could not speak. The little tender act she had committed to console him did what his own heart-wrung grief could not do. It broke him down at once, and his strong frame shook as he sank into a chair and hid his face in Amy's shoulder.

"O Charles!" said Ellen sorrowfully, "why was I ever born to cause you so much suffering? If I have injured your sensitive heart, you have humbled me. Believe this, Charles, that the house never would be the same without you—never!"

"For my part," said Mrs. Temple, in simple earnestness, "I, who have never known a son's love and protection, cannot look upon you, Charles, as aught else, and believe me when I say that while it pleases Heaven to give me the blessing of this home there shall be a place for you in it always. Now, Ellen, you come back to me barefoot, with the world's scorn heaped upon your head—aye, a hunted felon, red-handed, with the blood of your pursuers upon them—though all this should be, Charles, there is a place for you here in my heart, and shelter in my home, so help me Heaven!"

Mrs. Temple's voice had become wondrously impressive in its intensity as she concluded. Ellen turned upon her in surprise. Amy simply exclaimed in her rapturously impulsive way:

"I knew it; I knew it!"

"Ah, always," murmured Ellen. "You will forgive me, Charles, for wounding your feelings. I will try and be all you ask, all you seek. I will indeed."

"Heaven bless you, Ellen!" he cried, starting up, and, clasping her in his arms, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her brow, and, with one hand to his head, hurried from the room.

There was a great change in Ellen after that night. She had made up her mind to try and reconcile herself to Charles Ruhl. She felt somehow that his firm and patient self-sacrificing love alone entitled him to her. Then, again, she more than liked him. Would not the rest come? She thought it would. And accepted her fate with a gentle resignation not without its pathos.

With this purpose in view, she wrote to Hopetown, told him as much as she could without going into domestic privacies—told him that they must not see each other again. It would be best that they should not, for the world's sake. For their sakes, she regretted having to add that their clandestine meetings had come to the ears of the firm, and that any letter sent by him would possibly be intercepted.

"Good-bye, forever," so the letter concluded, "my kind and generous friend, whose honor, integrity and tenderness will forever live in the memory of one whose ambition is gone, whose glorious day-dreams must be renounced, if not forgotten; with nothing to lighten the perhaps dreary future but the memory of the one peep into paradise afforded her by a true and honorable friendship, which by the harsh dictates of worldly duties must be torn asunder. Farewell!"

How often she read that dirge to the broken dreams of her future. How she carried it about a whole day and night, half-undecided. How at last, with a desperate effort only, she thrust it into the letter-box, and left it to go its rapid way and sever the tie of friendship which had given her, as she had said, a peep into a paradise that she could never hope to see again.

She never for a moment dreamt that her letter, a strange mixture of womanly, matter-of-fact common sense, calm judgment, and at the last poetry, tender passion and affectionate regret, would have any other effect than the one she sought. The day passed, and in the evening Ellen went home with Charles. Next day, and no letter from Hopetown. He too had perhaps thought it best that they should not meet again. She sighed a little disappointedly, but withal glad the pang was over, the infatuation nothing but a dream now.

Wait! In the afternoon she was commissioned to call on a lady of high rank, who, as most ladies are, was greatly dissatisfied with her dress. Ellen was the most competent to deal with this fastidious lady, and so she went. A hundred yards away, and out of sight of the firm, a man stood before her. She was dimly conscious of having seen him before when she looked at him again. His "cut" was that of a groom. A brief struggle with memory, and then his identity flashed upon her. He was Francis Hopetown's coachman. He touched the brim of his hat civilly, and took from his breast-pocket something wrapped up in tissue paper. The something was a letter.

"I've been a-waiting, miss, on and off ever since eleven this morning. I thought you'd be out some time. I'm very glad I've seen you, miss, and hope you'll not be offended with me for stopping you."

"You are very, very kind," said Ellen, feeling for her purse. "I don't know how I can reward so much ——"

"Thankee, miss; please don't trouble; master wouldn't never forgive me if I was to take anything. Thankee, miss; I've done my duty, and I'll cut back to master now."

And, touching his hat again, he surreptitiously drew from his pocket a flaming cigar which he had secreted at sight of Ellen, at the risk of setting himself on fire. Ellen was surprised and amused with the man's quaintness. She little thought that his fair, boyish master had confronted him that morning with a stern, white face, with no other poetry left in it but the poetry of agony.

"Go," he had said, "there" (giving the address) "and wait till you see a lady, the lady you saw with me in the park and whom you drove to Richmond."

The man signified that he knew whom he meant well.

"You will either see this lady going in or coming out," continued his master. "Make haste there, and if you lose sight of the place till one hour after it closes, don't come back to me; understand that, and you know how far I mean a thing. Succeed in conveying that letter into her hands only, and out of sight of the establishment, and you shall have a couple of sovereigns on your return. Mention no names, and don't stop to take a present from the lady; don't forget that, or I'll shake you out of your shoes."

As we have seen, Hopetown's confidential servant did not forget that. He had a wholesome horror, in spite of his hardy strength, of Hopetown's college training, and apart from that he possessed a sentimental affection for his young master, whom he had taught to ride as a child.

Ellen did the very wisest thing she could do with the two-shilling-piece she had taken out for the messenger. She hailed a passing cab, told the man to drive slowly to the address of the fastidious lady, and, tearing open the envelope, read Hopetown's letter with a beating heart.

"My dear Miss Temple," it ran. "No. I cannot address you thus formally; until I see you again it must be, as before, my dear, my more than dear Ellen. With what emotion I received your letter I cannot call to my aid language sufficiently expressive to describe. Had a thunderbolt descended at my feet, had news suddenly reached me that I was beggared forever, had my poor dead cousin's shadow stood before me, had one or all of these occurred, I might have borne them with more fortitude than I did your letter. Part forever! renounce you! The shock, so sudden and unexpected, would be too great to bear. No, you must see me again. If the tie of our sweet friendship must be broken, I implore that it may be broken more gently. To-night I will wait near your establishment; if you are late or engaged, I will leave quietly and be at my post again to-morrow night. Oh, you will see me once more, will you not? You owe me this much. Think of my suffering, my love, and my unhappy helplessness, and be merciful."

What was Ellen to do with her idol after he had written such an appeal as this? What most lone young ladies would have done had they been in her place. Send him a little pencilled note, saying that she would see him once more, but that they both must prepare to bear the separation. She did not expect to see him this evening, Charles having arranged to come for her. But circumstances combined to hasten the meeting that was not there when she left the firm, and did not arrive until half an hour later. Hopetown had seen her coming out alone, and was at her side in a moment. Ellen's heart gave a wild leap and the blood rushed to her head. She saw at a glance that he was pale and haggard. There was a sorrowful light in his eyes, and he looked as only the grief-stricken can look.

"Ellen," he said, "you will spare me ten minutes?"

"Yes," she answered faintly, and a little confused.

He led the way out of the noise and traffic of the main thoroughfare into a quiet by-street. His carriage was there with a cab behind it. Ellen knew not the letter, but he had only eyes for the horses' ears.

"We cannot talk in the street," Hopetown said; "let us drive a little way."

Ellen hesitated. She had nerved herself to go through a calm explanation and bid him farewell. She feared to trust herself to him too long. But he placed her in the carriage while she was thinking, and, stepping in after her, the coachman drove on.

Regret came then, but it came too late.

Ellen looked at him hopelessly; his white, sorrowful face touched her deeply.

"O Frank!" she cried tearfully, "I wish I had not come."

He made no answer, nor movement, nor sigh, but sat as if he had been suddenly stricken by a blight or petrified into stone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY G. L. MURRAY, COMEDIAN.

Days of my cherish'd youth farewell!
Ye fleeting joys adieu!
Hence, memory, hence thy potent spell!
Cease on the happy past to dwell,
Nor vain regret renew!
Hope, joy and love, ye spectres bright, ye vanished shades adieu!

Thoughtless and young a wreath of flowers
Around my brow I found,
And fondly sought those blooming bowers
Where, circled by the laughing hours,
I dreamt that bliss was found.
Fancy and hope before me flew and scattered fragrance round.
Days of my cherish'd youth farewell!
Ye pleasant scenes adieu!
No more of tranquil hours ye tell,
When, all unheard, Time's footsteps fell
And all unheeded flew!
Days of the roseate morn of life a long and last adieu!

THE HOOP OF DAGGERS!

A STORY OF THE SAWDUST ARENA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"That is dangerous pastime," said the clown (though out of motley now, and in the ordinary citizen's dress a good-looking man), as he watched a particular point in rehearsal.

"Yes," replied the manager; "but a decidedly attractive feature—one that draws and pays, even though the salary is high. It is the first thing of the kind attempted in this country—at least by one of her sex, and that makes it more striking."

"Still, I hold to the danger, and no relative of mine should take such a risk."

"Nor mine, for that matter. But it is in the danger that lies the attraction. Only manage to thrill the public, make them hold their breath, and you are sure of patronage. The more the danger, the greater the charm. I verily believe if it could be known that the girl would certainly fall upon some given night and be shattered to pieces, the canvas wouldn't hold one hundredth part that would try to force their way in, even at double prices. Ah! but it would be a golden harvest for me;" and he rubbed his hands together as if already fingering the money.

"And death to her!" responded Mr. Merryman, with an involuntary shudder.

"Yes, yes; so it would. But one who performs such acts takes the chances and charges accordingly. We have to pay high rates, sir, high rates, for that kind of talent."

"And it matters not how many are killed!" was responded with a sigh. "We are nothing but poor circus-riders, after all. Our places can easily be filled, and the public must be amused, no matter at what cost of life and limb."

To have seen the speaker then, with almost tearful eyes, and a few hours later joking in the ring and making light of everything, one never could have believed him to be the same person. But there was more in it than met the eye. The heart must have been interested, for he was young, called handsome—and so, too, was the girl they were discussing.

She was known upon the bills as "La Sylphide"—had but recently joined the concern, and at once created a furor. Indeed, the like of it had never been known in the great Southern city where they were playing, and in place of remaining "for one week only," it appeared the entire Winter would be passed there, the manager being too wise to exchange certainty for uncertainty.

This had given a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the girl than constant traveling could have done. And one, at least, who had the *entrez* into her "right royal presence" availed himself of it. It was the Mr. Merryman of the concern—in horsespun, plain John Scott.

The two were strikingly unlike in appearance, he having the light curling hair, blonde complexion and blue eyes of the North, while she was the daughter of Cuba, was of much slighter mold, of willowy suppleness, richly olive skin, delicately arched, dark, almond-shaped eyes, a nose that just missed being classical, and possessing an abundance of glossy, blue-black hair. But perhaps this decided difference formed a magnetism that made their spirits *en rapport*. Certainly, she smiled the most graciously upon him, and he was her most faithful attendant, and looked the most carefully to her interests and safety.

But this state of affairs—although it might simply shadow the future, might be merely the natural gallantry of the man to a beautiful and almost unprotected girl—was a subject of remark, and caused the green-eyed serpent of jealousy to hiss within one heart.

With her had come from the "Queen of the Antilles" one of about her own age—a very distant relative of her mother (who attended her), and who longed not alone for possession of her person, but also for the money her efforts produced. And had his objects been obtained, the one would have been a life of misery, and the other been squandered. This the girl knew, and she avoided him as much as it was possible to do. But he saw this growing intimacy between her and the Northerner, ground his teeth with vexation, and was constantly playing the miserable part of spy.

And this was the case at the rehearsal; and when Scott assisted her from the horse, threw a cloak about her shoulders and escorted her homeward, he was constantly within hearing, and through a little hole he had made between the usual sitting-room and his own apartment he heard and saw all that passed.

"Catalina," said Scott, after she had thrown aside her wraps and appeared in all her rich, tropical beauty, "I wish you would give up that last act."

"The hoop of daggers?"

"Yes. It causes a cold shudder to run over me every time I see you attempt it."

"Why?" And her red lips parted with a smile—one intended as innocently doubtful—but her deep blushes revealed an innate knowledge.

"Because—it is very dangerous."

"Is that all?"

"No, Lina, because—because ——"

"You love me, John!" And the impetuous girl threw herself within his gladly opened arms, and the old, old story was told, and the old vows were plighted.

"Now, John," she continued as she released herself, radiant with blushes as a Summer morning, "you mustn't think of that hoop. You know there is a trick in it that deceives the audience."

"Still it is not safe, and I wish you would give it up, if only for my sake."

"So I will, my dear John—after we are married!" And the willful beauty took both of his cheeks in her hands, pinched them roguishly, pretended to kiss him, and then danced laughing away.

The Spanish rival saw all this, and his face became infinitely more black and his temper at white heat. He crushed a bitter oath between his sharp teeth, and with his black eyes glaring with all the malignity of a serpent he stole away to ponder upon some means of revenge.

Supremely happy in the new-born glory of a love returned, Catalina went singing around the house; and when the time came for her to go to the Amphitheatre, John Scott found her dressed more elaborately than he had ever seen her before, with a crown of natural damask roses circling her head and shaking her hair still more strikingly rich in its blackness.

"You are dressed wonderfully becoming to-night, Lina," he whispered as they passed along.

"Am I, John?" with the most charming nonchalance. "Well, I dressed only for you, old fellow, and not for the audience."

Forced to leave his side in order to put on his grotesque attire, and busy within the ring to make mirth for the multitude, no matter how heavy his own heart might be, John Scott had no further opportunity of conversation—indeed, scarcely saw her until her act came. But yet he found time to see that her horse was rightly caparisoned, every strap drawn tightly, buckle secure, and to even whisper in her ear:

"Do take good care of yourself, Lina."

"For your sake, yes," she answered, with a fervent pressure of his hand.

In another instant he was in the ring, with his everlasting "Here I am, master;" had inquired what next, and been told "La Sylphide," and the girl was entering to the stirring, fast-and-dashing bands, was lifted upon the horse—and such a beauty and a fiery as herself—and was dashing around the ring, poised tiptoe upon the pad, as light almost as a veritable sylph.

One after another, the various phases of her part were gone through with great *eclat*. Then the speed of the horse was checked, and she gracefully received the homage of plaudits due to her be

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

W. H. F., Boston.—At single-dice parcheesi, a player can move but one piece at a time; but he may be any one of the four, provided the number thrown does not require it, in being moved, to pass a blockade. In that case he must either break the blockade or forfeit his move. At the double-dice game, the whole four pieces can be moved on one throw, unless two of them constitute a blockade, in which case only one of them can be moved—either alone or in combination with the two unblockaded pieces. But it must be a throw of doublets, as two fours, to entitle the player to move forward more than one piece. Thus, if none of his pieces are blockaded, he can on a throw of two fours move one piece forward fourteen spaces, or one five, and the other three three each—any way so that the whole spaces moved over will count fourteen, which is what the tops and bottoms of the dice aggregate after a player has his four pieces all entered. Before that, only the tops are reckoned, the same as in the single-dice game throughout.

WARE MOSSRACER.—1. This bet a draw. There is no record of racing time in England. They care nothing about time there, and it is never officially taken. Your friend is right as to the railroad time. The fastest special in this country has scarcely exceeded the regular running time of some English trains, notably that known as "The Flying Dutchman." Special trains in England reached as high as seventy miles in an hour nearly thirty years ago. They are not running so fast there now. The fastest long-distance running in this country is 138 miles in 142 minutes, or 123 inclusive of the stoppages. 2. The best recorded running time for a horse is 1:52¾, by Gray Planet (American). 3. The Sir Henry who ran against Eclipse on May 27, 1823, was foaled in Virginia.

R. S., Elizabeth.—1. The origin of the horseshoe as an emblem of good luck can be traced no farther back than its use to keep away witches. 2. It is probably due to her having gone contrary to other Northern States in Presidential elections. 3. You are as likely as any other person to have originated the sayings "I can't see it" and "How is that for high?" 4. The man in the moon was "proverbially located there" because of the resemblance to a human face presented at times by that planet. 5. Seven cities claimed Homer as a native. The saying comes from biographies of the poet, which are principally forgeries; and the best proof that Homer ever existed, which is doubted, is that it is admitted that seven cities did claim him after his death.

SPRINK, Baltimore.—The "Hop Light Like Lou" and "Ham Fat" were originally the titles of negro acts which required very little talent to perform, and among professional persons custom has since applied those terms to performers of limited ability. 2. Lawshe is the name of a legal process by which the plaintiff in any action can attach moneys due to the defendant by other parties, and when such a process is served upon third persons it is not to be garnisheed. 3. Such persons used the word "dumb" incorrectly, making its synonomous with dull or stupid. 4. *Dice* is the Italian word for goddess, and *Cadet Dica* means chaste goddess. 5. "Molly" is a stranger to us.

TOM GREEN, Carbon.—1. Billy Edwards has taken two trips to England since his first arrival in this country—once after his first fight with Sam Collyer, and again a few weeks subsequently to his battle with Chambers. 2. He fought Collyer three times—Dec. 24, 1868, March 2, 1870, and Aug. 17, 1874; Tim Collins, May 25, 1871; Arthur Chambers, Sept. 4, 1872; and W. Hitchin (Farwell), March 11, 1873, the last-mentioned being conducted with gloves, and in a room at Manchester, Eng. 3and 4. No official time is taken on the English turf. 5. Master McGrath won the Waterloo Cup in 1868, 1869, and 1871.

CHARLES, Canajoharie.—In the year 1809, Capt. Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, walking one mile, no more nor less, in each and every hour. This was done for a heavy stake, over a measured mile at Newmarket, Eng., and the time was taken by competent timekeepers, appointed by the principals, and there is no reason to doubt that the fairly performed the feat, and is entitled to claim to have accomplished it, both here and in England, but Capt. Barclay's performance is properly authenticated, and given a place in the record.

CHOCTAW, New Orleans.—Frets are divisional marks upon the neck of a banjo, and enable the learner to more readily acquire the fingering. The mode of tuning is sufficiently simple in most works on this instrument, but without some little musical knowledge, or posting by one proficient in the use of the banjo, it may be somewhat difficult to properly tune the instrument. Our advice would be to seek the assistance of a competent teacher, and you will be surprised to see how readily you can acquire a knowledge of the art.

W. W. S., Xenia.—1. If you will kindly explain the circumstance of the credit, we will reply by mail. 2. "The Bells" was written by Leopold Lewis, singer of the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng. 3. It was first performed in New York at the Bowery Theatre, with the names of the characters slightly changed. J. R. Studley was playing Mathis, which character was billed as Mathie. The play was afterwards produced at Booth's Theatre, with James W. Wallack in the leading part.

WYANDE, Utley.—A good English education is the first thing necessary. Instead of studying leading parts in plays, study some of the minor characters—you will find them of greater service. Your best course is to secure an engagement with some company to play small parts. We do not make engagements for performers. You could not get an engagement as a wizard in a theatre. Your handwriting is fair.

C. T. W., Hartford.—1. The best run of Francois Ubassy is 187. 2. The highest run in the three-ball match with Maurice Daly; the second highest on record is Rudolphe's 161. 3. The highest recorded run at the four ball game is 1,483; the second highest, 1,458; the third, 1,091; the fourth, 616. 4. Absolutely the highest run in a public match, game is 1,500, by John McDevitt; but it is not the highest for the purposes of a record.

S. C., Brooklyn.—If the party throwing 43 was present when the 42 was counted as 46, he loses the prize, as it was his duty to see that it was counted properly. If he was not present, he is entitled to 42, if he can prove it—a somewhat difficult thing to do. Assuming him to have been present, his mere subsequent recollection that but 42 were thrown will avail him, and the throw must stand as announced.

WILLIS, Toledo.—1. We have occasionally heard of a person of that name, but we cannot say with what branch of the profession he is connected. 2. We have never seen anything of the kind. If there is any machinery or appliance of any kind attached to the globe, or if there is anything new in the construction of the globe, you could patent it; otherwise not.

A CONSTANT READER, Hamilton.—Such articles are not usually sold in connection with a circus; but you might possibly purchase such a privilege from the manager. 2. We think they would be likely to do so. 3. No; the circus licensee would cover it. 4. The full amount is given in the sample security and pays 5. Dealers in those articles are so numerous that we would prefer not to name any.

EUCHRE.—A was entitled to the game. He was the only player who could be euchred, as no other could go alone. There cannot be two lone hands except by mutual agreement, nor can there be any "lone" for the dealer to go through with either "lone," unless the nature and the degree of it are expressly agreed upon before beginning to play the two "lones."

BUTTONS.—1. He was not. 2. He performed two or three long engagements at 444 Broadway, under his own name. He had previously been an equestrian dancer at Niblo's, negro specialty, and was then known as Master Searles or Johnny Searles, but upon being engaged at 444 he resumed his own name.

BILL CHEEK.—All we know of "W. D." is that he sent us a question, and we answered it. It was not dated "Chicago," and perhaps does not concern you at all. The answer was: "W. D.—He cannot demand an answer as a matter of right, but can expect it in courtesy." Again we say, what question did you send?

E. O., Chicago.—1. From Chas. B. Elliott, Stephen Roberts, George Roahr, John Binkey, John Kyle and Thos. Parnell. In handwriting, the name is spelled as pronunciation of proper names is arbitrary, and we cannot say how the deceased pronounced his.

G. L., Lima.—1. If a plays a five spot on a five, and calls it "ten," or neglects to call anything, B can take it with a ten. But if A calls it "fives," then B cannot touch it except with a five. 2. Miss Edith Challis is responding in this city.

W. T. A., Halifax.—1. The player must take the exposed card dealt to the dealer from off the pack, if one be proved, provided it was not faced in the pack; but the player cannot have a card that is exposed in filling after the draw. 2. Yes.

WM. PENNIMORE, Camden.—1. No record. 2. A championship quoit match was commenced at Newark, N. J., last year, between Thos. Donaldson of that place and Wm. Battery of Philadelphia; but it was not concluded, a difficulty arising when the principals met in the latter city.

H. R. B.—1. Prof. Judd walked about 36¾ miles at the Rink. As the statements made and the statistical performances of the others you mention are unreliable, we cannot answer positively. 2. We are without a record of backward running.

C. H. R. Trenton.—1. Billy Edwards and Tim Collins fought a draw at East New York, L. I., May 25, 1871, the latter hitting 2under, that being the only point scored in the contest. Edwards severely hurt his left hand in the second round. 2. Edwards is considered the better man.

A. H. Hartford.—1. A holds 4, 5 and 6; B holds 2, 3 and 4. A leads 6. B plays jack, and A plays 7 and 8. How many does a peg?.....Two for 31. Perhaps the dispute is really as to 5, 6, 7 and 8 being a sequence. It is not—B's jack splits it.

SUBSCRIBER.—The fastest eastward passages are 7d. 20h 9m., from Sandy Hook to Roche's Point, Queenstown, by the Inman line of the White Star Line; and 7d. 20h. 9m., from the Battery to Queenstown Harbor, by the Cunard steamer Russia.

J. J., Centralia.—For the Kentucky Stakes, this year, Chesapeake was first, James A. second and Willie Burke third. 2. For the Travers Stakes, Attila and Acrobat ran a dead heat, with Steel Eyes third. In running it off, Attila won.

T. B. & R., Brooklyn.—1. Maurice Daly is in his twenty-sixth year. He is 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. 2. We do not publish it until some weeks after we received it, and the author probably thought that it was declined, and has sent a marked copy elsewhere.

J. G. H. AND W. F. H.—No bets will be decided by us as to straights, which are variously valued—in some contests to beat a pair, in others a three of a kind. Their value should be agreed upon before beginning play.

E. S., Boston.—H. Allen acted in "The Alhambra," a burlesque which was produced at the Olympic Theatre, Jan. 14, 1873; and during the Fall of that year for a few weeks with the Chapman Burlesque Troupe.

K. S. J., Hamilton.—His present wife is the only one he ever had. We cannot give you the date of their marriage. He is not related to the person you name. Fanny, Lily and Blanche are all we know of.

G. G. H., Baltimore.—"The Black Crook" was never performed in London, but the title was used and applied to another play. We have no record of the number of times that it was performed.

H. E. P., Baltimore.—We cannot recommend any particular firm, but almost any wholesale dealer in drugs and chemicals can supply them. You can probably get them just as easily in Baltimore.

J. F. McH., Joplin.—The hand does not count for anybody. There must be another deal.

PRICE.—The person making inquiries about Dave Price, who performed at White's Melodeon, in the Bowery, is informed that he was a jig-dancer, and knew nothing about guitar playing.

W. A., St. Louis.—We cannot give you any positive information, but most likely some of the newspaper offices there do that description of printing. You might write to *The Australian*, Melbourne.

C. P. A., Saltsburg.—1. She was traveling with a dramatic company temporarily performing there. 2. As you did not inclose the description of the trick referred to, we cannot answer.

J. D. E.—We believe that the last time the East River was crossed on foot was in the Winter of 1871-2, when it could be done by jumping from cake to cake, the river not being completely frozen over.

L. W. F., Chicago.—The bullhead and the catfish are not allied. But as the term catfish is popularly applied to many different varieties, some of the latter may resemble a bullhead, in spite of the distinction set up by naturalists.

J. W. R., St. Louis.—1. A wins. Both words are correct. The bet was not as to "unfortunate" being in use, and "infortunate" but little used. 2. The word can only be used in the same sense as "unfortunate."

J. G., D. C., Junction City.—High puts B out. A, in giving eight, had to make high, low and jack (or game, if no jack was out), in addition to pedro, which counts last, in order to win the game.

SCRSCHNER.—1. Three sixes and two aces beat three aces and two sixes at poker dice. 2. Four sixes beat four aces. Deuces are low in draw-poker, and aces high; aces are low in poker-dice, and sixes high.

R. A. W., Grimsby.—There are thousands of people who do the same. We once underwent that process at the hands of a friend—found that it would be successful, yet had little faith in it—and the obnoxious things vanished.

L. R. T., San Francisco.—Both were received, and one of them you will find in this issue. The other could not be prepared in time to go with the report of the race, much to our regret.

W. F. S., Phila.—1. Edwards and Chambers fought on Squirrel Island, Canada, Sept. 4, 1872. 2. Low-jack goes out before high-game.

L. A. W., Newark.—He never walked 115 miles inside of 24 hours, and it is extremely doubtful if he ever walked 100 miles in that time.

M. S. B.—He meant for you to address a letter to him in care of this office; which do, and it will be forwarded to him.

BESSIE BLY, Detroit.—There is no such school in existence at present in this city. A number of persons in this city who fit pupils for the state.

DRAMATIC.—1. No; a suit is now pending in the English courts. She is supposed to be. It is hardly probable that she will play there again this season.

S. S., San Francisco.—1. The drawing has been postponed until Dec. 27, 1875. 2. The general opinion is that the drawing will take place.

W., New Orleans.—A wins, because he made his last appearance in this city May 10, 1849, which was 25 years ago last May.

J., Albany.—If K was known to both as a candidate for nomination when the bet was made, it is a draw; if not, loses.

TEDDY, Boston.—There is a duty. You can ascertain precisely what it is by inquiring at the Custom-house in your city.

H. G., Galveston.—Romeo has been performed by several actresses. Among them Charlotte Cushman, Vestvali, Kate Reignolds and Mrs. P. S. Conway.

SAM D.—We do not know of any that have officially signed to play, except Mathews and Start. Hatfield will play with an amateur nine next year.

H. C. Waterloo, Ia.—Cannot say whether he is traveling at present or not. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

J. M. Waterbury.—The last hand is of no account, it having but both out. The better way to play the game is as stated.

OPERA-HOUSE, Chicago.—Crosby's Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., was first opened April 20, 1865. The performances were given by Grau's Italian Opera Troupe.

J. H. J., Sunbury.—1. We presume you could obtain such a boat, in good order, for from $80 to $100. 2. Better advertise for them. 3. Twenty cents per line.

J. W. G., Augusta.—As there has never been any contest to decide who is the best developed rider in the world, we are unable to say.

MISSISSIPPIAN, Memphis.—The cards being played 3, 1, 2, 1, the player of the deuce is entitled to a run of 3; the player of the last ace, to nothing.

NORTH.—Both are correct. It is almost uniformly spelled "grey" in Great Britain, and as uniformly spelled "gray" in this country.

R. A. B., Boston.—The dealer, having turned up jack before the misdeal occurred, scores one point for the jack so turned.

M. A. MCK., Middletown.—Write the Governors of California and Nevada. Your other questions will probably inform you where said institutions are located.

SONNY, Boston.—1. It would not be an infringement. 2. The right is vested in the lady you name, and copies cannot be had.

J. C. K., Poughkeepsie.—1. Catskill Girl has a record of 2:28¼, and Lantern Jaw of 2:27¾, the latter in 1873 and 1874. 2. Winning a heat or making a dead-heat earns a record.

J. W.—1. "Bissell's Review and Price List," published by C. Bissell, 34 Gold street, N. Y. 2. Munson's "Stenographer's Companion" is probably as good as any.

ONE OF THE BUOYS.—C and D were entitled to two points, and would have been entitled to no more had they reached home first.

L. B., Boston.—1. In New York City. 2. You cannot alter the course of nature by giving the dog whisky. He will grow in spite of it.

L. T. B., Danville.—Ivory billiard balls are made from elephants' tusks alone, and R. G. P. wins. There are billiard balls made from bone, however.

A. C., Paterson.—The English paper referred to has never been considered an authority except as to sporting matters, and it long ago passed its prime even as to these. Ten Eyck should make application to Gideon. The manager may give you a chance, although just now the market is well supplied.

J. P. B., Falls.—The player next to the dealer, on his left, alone had the right to go alone. No one could go alone against him.

W. A., Newark.—Packs of cards vary in spots, and also in number. We have seen the latter as high as 78, all different.

W. K., Chicago.—High deals in euchre, and the cards run jack, ace, king, queen, etc., being given the same value as if trumps.

H. H., Cincinnati.—The cards being played 4, 1, 6, 3, 4, 1, 5, 2, the player of the deuce is entitled to seven points, six of which are for the sequence.

H. T. BELLAMY, Wallace.—No. The two men who refilled four times each are entitled to the first and second prizes, and merely shut off for choice.

C. H., St. Louis.—1. It is simply a matter of opinion. 2. We have already expressed it in our dramatic summary. 3. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

RAFFLE DICK.—1. The best throw at "first raffles" is 18. 2. Three sixes beat three aces.

J. MCC., Stillwater.—1. $33,000 was the alleged price paid for Dexter. 2. A's high-low-game put him out.

STAPP, Cincinnati.—No person has ever walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours.

H. L., St. Louis.—You have been misinformed—we have a correspondent there.

B. RIDGE.—We already have one in Atlanta. He has occupied the position for some time.

DUKES, Philadelphia.—It is purely a matter of opinion. Although we think the same are clever.

MOSS, Troy.—When last heard from, Dave Carson was in India.

C. E. W., Baltimore.—He is not acting at present. His last appeared at Wood's Museum in this city.

J. H. C., Portland.—The "Floating Palace" programme received. Thank you.

J. M. MCD.—1. They are filed for publication. 2. We are not posted in the "Gorgeous" of the day. 3. Yes.

ED. H., Chicago.—1. The letter will be forwarded to Mr. Converse. 2. The sketch is void of general interest.

WOOD, Sullivan.—Mrs. Southworth is the author of "Hidden Hand."

N. A. R., Delaware Co.—Wilkie Collins wrote "After Dark." That was never heard of "A Terribly Strange Bed."

DAVIS, Milwaukee.—He is traveling and performing with a dramatic company in the western part of this State.

J. H., Plymouth Bluffs.—Your advertisement will cost $3.20 for 4 insertions.

FITZ MORRIS.—E. Waters & Son, River street, Troy, N. Y., are the manufacturers of the paper boxes.

FULLERTON, Chicago.—1. We have no biography of her. 2. We do not express such opinions in this department.

J. H. C., Norfolk.—A having made the three he gave, his high put him out.

R. P. S., Chicago.—Four fours in hand and a three turned up counted 5 each by three players, and 10 by the dealer, provided it was not faced in the pack; but the player cannot have a card that is exposed in filling after the draw. 2. Yes.

T. S., Cincinnati.—Probably London; but we have at hand no figures that will justify a positive statement.

JOHN TROY, Boston.—Yes; the Bostons whitewashed the Athletics on Oct. 2, 1872, at Boston—Boston, 26; Athletic, 0.

H. J. M., Sangus.—1. Low-jack goes out before high-game. 2. Sancho Pedro counts last.

F. B., Buffalo.—If A is out if he can show five points; if not, he loses the game.

W. H. G., Mercer.—A must count the carom at once, or not at all.

T. C. L.—We can find no such name in the lists of the companies.

SUBSCRIBER.—"Dot Keno Bank Gal," "Our Mutual Friend."

R. F. PORTS, Columbus.—There is no history of the kind, except those in the files of THE CLIPPER.

J. E. H., Pittsburg.—It is pronounced as it spelled Kang-Kang, sounding the "g" very slightly.

M. N., Lansburg.—Sundays in November, 1852, fell on the 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.

J. T. R.—The steamship Great Eastern first arrived here June 28, 1860.

M. B., Boston.—He acted that character at the Boston Museum for four or five weeks.

J. J., Chicago.—Call upon one of the managers of the theatres in your city, and state frankly your case.

BET ON BEAUTY, Cobourg.—She is an Englishwoman, married, and over 30 years of age.

BRING, Philadelphia.—We have had no intelligence of any such presentation.

T. M., Georgetown.—The cross crack does not count at cockaloo.

J. B. F., Poughkeepsie.—Thank you. We published reminiscences of the old place in our issue dated Dec. 12.

CAS. WARD, Toronto.—Our rules require that a deposit be sent with all challenges.

A. F., Cincinnati.—Four sixes are the highest in poker dice. No answers by telegraph or mail.

R. RACKET, Chicago.—We expect to, unless dated prior to the secretary's resignation, is without force.

C. J., Cincinnati.—They have never been divorced, and they live happily together.

B. H.—The first-named is 24 years of age, and the other about 28.

A SUBSCRIBER, Keeseville.—At euchre, the dealer cannot deal two cards to his antagonists and three to himself.

M. J. M., Warsaw.—1. B is skunked. 2. The interloper counts last.—*Yes.*

W. H. C. Toledo.—A letter to Arthur W. French, in our care, will reach him.

C. H. R., Cleveland.—We are not aware of having any influence in that direction.

CLEVELAND.—Jenny Lind is living, and residing with her husband in London, Eng.

R. G., Gettysburg.—At forty-fives, when diamonds are trumps, the queen of spades will beat the ace of spades.

J. W. F.—That is the address given in the advertisement, and, as no mistake in that was made, we cannot be contradicted by advices received from Montevideo.....It was stated that a nephew of Marshal Serrano was killed in a recent engagement with the Alphonsists.....Heavy frosts. The body of Augustin Paradis, who had been for some time missing, was found in the cellar of his house in Ste. Marie, Canada. He had evidently been murdered.....Gov. Dix of New York gave notice that he would not entertain any more applications for pardon, not having time to give them proper examination in the matter.....The large flax factory at Campobello, Mass., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $115,000, insured for $75,000.....Other fires: G. Tallerman & Co.'s silk factory, and other buildings, at Baltimore, Md.—loss $22,500, well insured; seven frame dwellings at Brighton, O.—loss $17,000, insured for $4,400; the Vacuum Oil Works, Rochester, N. Y., a man named Miller being burned to death.....Dispatches from abroad stated that London, Eng., was visited by a violent snowstorm, the ground being covered to the depth of six inches; that over seventy persons were supposed to have lost their lives by a storm which had for several days been raging in the Bay of Biscay; that the German Reichstag had resolved that in order to uphold its dignity it is necessary to amend the Constitution so as to prevent the arrest of a member during session; that it was intimated that in case of Count Von Arnim' conviction he will be pardoned at Bismarck's request; that the efforts to unite the Right and Left Centres in the French Assembly had failed; that the German Commission to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, Pa., had been appointed, Dr. Jacobi being the chairman; that the American ship Meratio, from New York, had been burned at Shanghai, China.....It was telegraphed from Providence, R. I., that the schooner sunk in Narragansett Bay on the night of Dec. 14 was the Robert Pettis, laden with oysters. Capt. Sid. Ellis, Jas. E. Ellis, Henry C. Hardner, Ezra Smith and George Andrews are supposed to have perished.....In this city, James Burke, convicted of manslaughter in having bitten off the ear of James McLaughlin, was sent to State prison for fifteen years.....Sarah Wilson, a dissolute woman, fell from the roof of a five-story house in this city, receiving injuries which terminated fatally.....At Richmond, Va., J. Bangasson, convicted of murder in the second degree in having killed F. S. Groor, was sentenced to imprisonment for ten years.....Wm. Eryan, aged 17, shot and instantly killed Jacob Becket, a saloon-keeper at Simmonsville, near Waterbury, Ct.....Losses by fire: the Leonard Silk Company and Chapin & Barber Silk Company's mill, at Hartford, Ct.—loss about $200,000, insured for $85,000; the Harriman House and nine stores in Bangor, Me.—loss $70,000; the Cowet House and that portion of Forest City, Ark., south of the railroad—loss $30,000; A. J. Gerry and T. B. Adams' stores, Farmington, Me.—loss $10,000; E. F. Acrie and Hancock & Place's stores, Danville, Va.—loss $20,000, insured for $12,000; the St. Charles (Mo.) Starch Factory—loss $25,000, insured for $10,000: James L. Tibbett's Shoe Factory, near Saco, Me.—loss $6,000, uninsured.....Gov. Harriman signed the death-warrant of Nicholas Carson, sentenced to be hanged Jan. 20 next, in Westmoreland County, Pa., for the murder of Joseph Kerr.

☞ Dec. 15: A coroner's jury justified the killing of the burglars Mosher and Douglass, and commended for their bravery those who shot them.....It was asserted that Prince Bismarck had tendered his resignation, on account of the vacillating majority in the German Reichstag; but, the Emperor refusing to accept it, he conferred with the leaders of the National party regarding the future conduct of affairs in Alsace and Lorraine.....Another Carlist war was secured.....It was cabled that there was a heavy fall of snow in the north of France on the 16th inst., and that at Angiers the roof of the market-hall gave way under the weight, causing the death and injury of many persons.....Wm. M. Tweed was before the Court of Oyer and Terminer, this city, on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Lawrence. His counsel filed a traverse to the return to the writ, and argument was postponed until Dec. 22.....Albert Brown, a negro who brutally outraged and then murdered a child named Cora Greenleaf near Minnequa, Pa., was convicted of murder in the first degree .....Casualties: Engineer John Clark was killed, and a laborer named Taylor injured, by the pressure of water forcing off the cap of a main at the Harrisburg, Pa., Water-works; George Wardman, aged 18, drowned while skating at Andover, Mass.....George Carson, accused of the murder of Nathaniel Brown in July last, was bound over for trial at Bangor, Me.....Gov. Bragden of North Carolina commuted the death-sentence of the negro David Martin to imprisonment for life .....The strike of the longshoremen in New York and vicinity was virtually ended, a large number voting to return to work at reduced wages.....It was cabled that on the 16th inst. John A. Oltman, superintendent of the Duquesne Coal Works, Pittsburg, Pa., was fatally shot by some person unknown; and that on the 14th, near the South Canadian Station, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, Russell Kinney shot and killed George Archer.....Losses by fire: a block of frame buildings in Chicago, Ill.—loss about $35,009; Rufus Cook's house, barn and other buildings, Hadley, Mass.—loss $12,000; Hass & Powell's brewery, Riversidie, Chicago, Ill.—loss $50,000; Noah Cook's dwelling, Jersey Heights—loss over $3,000.

☞ Dec. 18: In a duel at Havana, Cuba, Pepe Castellanos was shot dead by Diego Manly [a name of Irish origin]. Serious charges were made against Attorney-general Williams during the discussion which preceded the passage of the Legislative Appropriation Bill, in the House of Representatives.....King Kalakaua was received by Congress, and in the evening a ball was given in his honor at the White House.....Robert Boyd, a colored boy at the High School, New Orleans, La., repeated a visit paid the day before to the Girl's Lower High School, and forced the colored pupils to the leave; whereupon the School Board dismissed the school until further notice.....The Maryland Legislature adopted the majority report of a committee appointed to investigate the Warren County troubles, and called for troops to suppress insurrection.....Prince Bismarck's onslaught in the Frenchman's bed-chamber.....The Reichstag passed a vote of confidence in Prince Bismarck, by rejecting Herr Windhorst's motion to cancel the grant for the secret service fund.....*The Leeds Mercury* published disturbing accounts of the famine in Asia Minor.....Silas Oliver, a negro prisoner at Vicksburg, Miss., acknowledged that he killed another negro named Carson, Grey, under orders from the Vicksburg leading member of the Black League.....An old resident of Clifton, IOnt., named Vandersleys, was found dead at the base of a precipice, over which he had evidently fallen.....Mrs. Leavy committed suicide at Portland, Me.....It was telegraphed that a hotelkeeper named Peters, residing at Danville, Pa., after beating his wife and inflicting injuries committing suicide, had confessed that he murdered his first wife sixteen years ago, in that place.....Michael McCormack, a longshoreman, was killed in a fight with knives received in an affray with an Italian.....Losses by fire: Wheeler & Co.'s tin and rag establishment, and other buildings, in New Haven, Ct.—loss $15,000; Hall's block, $7,500; in Smith's block, Knoxville, Ill.—loss $45,000, insured for $16,500; five stores in Napierville, Ill.—loss $25,000, insured for $4,000; Deig's flouring-mill and its contents, Dayton, O.—loss $7,000; six frame tenement dwellings in Bronxville, N. Y.—loss $14,000; Pond, Binns, Lee & Co.'s patent paint and roofing establishment, Brooklyn, L. I.—loss $5,000, insured for $2,500; the residence of Deerfield, Mass.—loss $3,000; C. W. Dasche's grocery, this city—loss $3,800, insured for $2,500.

☞ Dec. 19: From the report of the Treasury Department that the Pacific Mail steamer Japan, from Yokohama for San Francisco, Cal., was burned at sea, sixty miles out from Yokohama, on the night of Dec. 17; that officers, crew and passengers, escaping in boats, and a few of them having arrived at Hong Kong; that Count Von Arnim had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, deducting one month for the time he had already been in confinement.....The Rhode Island Railway Company's iron works at Reading, Eng., were destroyed by fire, 400 persons being thrown out of employment; that a proposition to amend the Constitution of Reichstag, as a remedy for Bismarck's complaint of a lack of a reliable majority, was declined by the Chancellor; that the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs had published a note sent to the Spanish representative at Washington, D. C., relating to the Virginius question, and alluding to that part of President Grant's message which refers to Spanish and Cuban affairs; that Prince Bismarck has been informed by the police of a plot against his life; that no confirmation had been given to the White Slave Agents in London to the report that some of their steamers had been chartered to run on a new line between California and China and Japan; and that the German Parliament adjourned until the 13th of January.....Gen. Grant has recently completed at Haydenville, Mass., in Mill-river Valley, burst, but no person was injured and the damage estimated at $100,000.....Losses by fire: Wm. Rogers' residence, and Wm. Hughey and John Gallavin fatally injured, by the giving-way of a new Catholic church at Sedalia, Mo.....Losses reported this week: Gold-mining property in Utah has been discovered in Northern Minnesota.....Coroner Frederic Hesser was murdered by some person unknown in the engine-room of the Hope Furnace, Swissvale, Shamokin, Pa.....Tom Bullard the forger escaped from jail at Auburn, N. Y.....The bodies of two young men, supposed to have been members of the Freedmen detective force, were found on the railroad track near Kansas City, Mo.....Suicides: Jessie Merrick, by hanging, Montgomery, Ala.; Charles E. McKean, in his barber, at Nashua, N. H.....Casualties: Edward Galvin of Lowell, Mass., was knocked down by a runaway horse and killed; George Alcott, a brakeman, was killed by striking his head against a bridge on the Lowell branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad.....Miss Libbie Cochran was drowned in Lynn, Mass., in charge of a crowning her two-weeks-old babe.....Michael Ryan was attacked and dangerously wounded by three men near Pottsville, Pa.....It was announced that the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, Providence, R. I., had been awarded the contract for 20 locomotives for the Providence & Worcester Railroad.....Gen. Grant issued a proclamation commanding all turbulent and disorderly persons in Warren County, Miss., to disperse and return to their homes within five days.....Superintendent Walling of the New York Police was authorized to offer a reward of $5,000 and immunity from arrest for the recovery of Charley Ross.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BLANCHARD, Hon. Hiram—Leader of the opposition in the Canadian Legislative Assembly at Halifax, N. S.—that city, Dec. 17.

COMBE, William—A veteran of the War of 1812. He fought, also, in the more recent Battle of Antietam—Jordan, Central New York, aged 78.

DAY, Mary Northum—Relict of Dr. William Day—this city, Dec. 14, aged 62.

DAWSON, Rev. Charles B.—Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md. He was born in Lexington, Rockbridge County, Va., his father being the Rev. Andrew Dawson. He was 58 years of age.

DRAKE, Oliver A.—Son of the late Rev. S. J. Drake of Plainfield, N. J.—this city, Dec. 15.

HALLETT, Joseph—Died during the Conference of the M. E. Church in Montgomery, Ala.—Dec. 17.

HOGLE, Minnie—Daughter of W. F. Hogle of Barnum's Hippodrome, and said to have been the youngest person that ever made a balloon ascension. (See Circus.)—this city, Dec. 15.

HOWARD, Charles—Banjo-player. (See Variety)—Des Moines, Dec. 14.

LARMOUR, William R.—Of the well-known jewelry firm of Larmour & Co., Baltimore. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country in 1843—that city, Dec. 8, aged 45.

LINDEN, Henry—A Republican in politics, and an Assistant Alderman from the Nineteenth Assembly District of this city. Of consumption—St. Luke's Hospital, this city, Dec. 17.

NOBLE, Hon. William—An aged resident of Cook County, Ill., who died of advanced years alone, having no disease. He was a native of Royalton, Vt., and in 1810 he graduated from the Vermont University. Removing to Illinois, he became Clerk of the State Circuit Court from 1835 to 1843, and afterwards Postmaster at Burlington, He was a lawyer, and father-in-law of the Hon. H. N. Hibbard—that place, Ill., Dec. 12.

O'KEEFE, Rev. T. F.—Until quite recently, pastor of the R. C. Church of St. Agnes, Avion, Livingston County, N. Y.—Falls, N. Y., Dec. 12.

PHILLIPS, Watts.—English dramatist. (See Foreign Drama)—London, Eng.

PARMLY, Dr. Eliezar—A very prominent physician of this city.—Dec. 13, aged 74.

PURCELL, Rev. John—Of the R. C. diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tipperary, Ireland, Nov. 18.

RICE, Hon. John B.—Member of Congress from the First District of Illinois, and formerly, for the two terms beginning in 1865 and 1867 respectively, Mayor of Chicago. He was for many years an actor and a manager. (See Drama.)—Norfolk, Va., Dec. 17, aged 65.

ROBERTS, Caroline D.—Wife of Marshall O. Roberts, prominent merchant of this city—London, Eng., Dec. 13.

SILL, Rev. Frederic—Pastor of St. Ambrose Church, corner of Prince and Thompson streets, this city—here, Dec. 13, aged 61.

STETSON, Mrs. Annie—Actress, and wife of Joseph O. Stetson. (See Drama)—Washington, D. C., Dec. 20, aged 41.

WILLIS, Anson—An ex-Judge of this city—Portchester, N. Y., Dec. 14, aged 72.

MIKE MALONEY'S dog Billy, 32lb., defeated Geo. Hull's canine, same weight, in a match for $200, fought at Toronto, Ont., Dec. 10. The battle occupied 2h. and 50m.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC For 1875, Is Now Ready.

CONTENTS.

A THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY, embracing a record of the more important events that have transpired in connection with the drama in this country and Europe—the dates when theatres and amphitheatres were opened—a list of those destroyed by fire—date of birth, first appearance and death of noted actors, actresses and singers—also interesting data relating to minstrelsy and other amusements.

A SPORTING CHRONOLOGY, giving the dates and particulars of all the principal sporting events that have occurred in this country and Europe from 1719 to date.

A RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, ETC., in horse racing, trotting, rowing, pedestrianism; railroad, steamer and sailing time; and records of jumping, lifting, snow-shoe racing, ratting, engine-playing, running with engines, hose companies, etc.

A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA.

SEATING CAPACITY OF THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

AN ARTISTIC FRONTISPIECE, WITH POEM.

Calendars for the Year, a Calendar for all Time, Astronomical occurrences for the Year, Statistics of Population, Postal Regulations, and Rates of Postage, Difference of Time between New York and other cities, Table of Distances, Length of Principal Rivers, Height of Towers, Spires and Monuments, Increment of Population, the Amphitheatre, Curious Chronological Items Referring to Puritan Supremacy, Symbolisms of Color, National Colors, Directions for Restoring Persons Apparently Drowned, the Five Ages, English Habeas-corpus Act, Famous Horses, Great Libraries of the World, Jewels in the English Crown, Laws for the Million, Mile of Different Nations, Presidents of the United States, Rise and Fall of Tide at Different Seaports, Theories of Date of Creation, Table for Foretelling the Weather, Famous Makers of Violins, Seven Wise Men of Greece.

ALICE DANE, A STORY OF CHRISTMAS-TIME.

THE MIMIC AND REAL, OR DEATH ON THE STAGE.

THE LAST INTERVIEW, poem.

HIS FINAL EXIT, etc.

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FRANK QUEEN, Publisher,
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New York.
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SPECIAL TO TURFMEN.—The records of Strideaway and Draco Prince, among the stallions, will read 2:30 and 2:24¼, respectively, when Eleven to Strideaway as a stallion, appears to be that of Strideaway the bay gelding. These errors—both as to horses of comparatively little importance, hence, overlooked—are corrected until THE ALMANAC had passed nearly through the press.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

Our readers will please see that they get the extra sheet, which we issue with this week's paper, and which contains a variety of matter, suitable for holiday reading, including Christmas stories and sketches.

CHRISTMAS.

Again the festive season dawns upon us—again the welkin rings with the happy, outspoken thoughts of the young and the innocent—and once more the household is made glad with the sounds of mirth and revelry. The old stocking has been resurrected, and its contents lessened by the demands of increased expenses incidental to the season. Another stocking has been examined, and the rents made whole previously to its being called upon to do duty in the chimney corner as a receptacle for the timely and never-failing gifts of good old Santa Claus, whose coming is ever-welcome, ever-gladsome. Again we see the streets of New York in verdure clad, and prolific in the growth of Christmas-trees and evergreen—trees whose wonderful achievements in fruitful resources and variety of bearing would cause the greatest horticulturist to hide his diminished head and sicken in his desolation—trees whereon may be found the luscious orange, the acidulous lemon, the candied egg, the unsavory candle, flying fairies, elephants with and elephants without wings, impossible red lions and highly exaggerated hippopotamuses; trees upon whose outstretched branches repose in fancied security sugar dogs, ginger-bread horses, chocolate cows and woolly sheep-yea, even Noah's ark and his entire menagerie hang pendent from some friendly limb, and mammoth pigs and four-legged sugar-cal

GEORGE ROOKE, the claimant of the title of middle-weight champion, will hold a levee at Harry Hill's Varieties, this city, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 31, when an entertainment embracing sparring and other athletic exercises, together with wrestling, terp-sichoreanism, negroisms, etc., will afford enjoyment to all who look in. Rooke will encounter Joe Coburn in the wind-up, which will be preceded by sets-to between other lights of the circle.

PROF. JOHN H. CLARK, the popular and clever sparrer of Philadelphia, has been tendered a complimentary benefit by his numerous friends and pupils, to take place in that city early in January. At the recent benefit of Edwards and Chambers (elsewhere reported) at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Clark was presented with a handsome gold watch, chain and locket.

THOMAS KING, for a number of years past proprietor of the cosy old-country style hostelrie the "Brewery Shades," at 316 West Forty-second street, has removed his goods and chattels next door, No. 314, where he will carry on business after the same fashion.

FIENDLER NEARY is notified of a letter addressed to him in our care.

BILLIARDS.

AN EXPLANATION.—With reference to a line or two relative to the amateur-professional question, and which were published in these columns last week, Mr. Aaron Vanderwerker writes: "You assert that 'had Messrs. Vanderwerker and Clark taken the first and second prizes, and Mr. Knight none at all, there never would have been any pretense against Mr. Knight or any other player.' Or, in other words, that, failing myself to secure one of the prizes, I was one of the instigators of the protest which excluded Mr. Knight from the distribution. This is at variance with the facts"—which Mr. V. then proceeds to recount. It was not intended even to insinuate such. We had supposed we had rendered our meaning perfectly clear, it being that had unquestioned amateurs, like Messrs. Clark and Vanderwerker, won all the prizes, there would have been no question raised in any quarter as to whether there had been any professionals in the tournament, which would then have gone on record as one of amateurs from first to last, although there might really have been nine professionals in it. No reflection was sought to be cast upon those who had protested against Mr. Knight, which was a proper proceeding; and indeed we were unaware, when we wrote, who signed that protest. It remains to be said that the prizes were distributed according to our pre-announcement, the recipients being Messrs. Pinet, Pfannkuchen and Dorlon and La Torre, the latter two dividing the third.

RUDOLPHE CHALLENGES VIGNAUX.—Maurice Vignaux, who holds the Delaney championship, and has been challenged for it by Joseph Dion, is now challenged by A. P. Rudolphe, who holds the Callender championship, and who, unless Joseph Dion wins the game of Dec. 30, is thus sure of two contests with Vignaux, the latter having some time ago challenged the winner of the late game in which Rudolphe defeated Garnier. The document is here submitted:

26 E. 14TH ST., New York, Dec. 17.

MATHEW DELANEY, ESQ., *President National Billiard Congress and Stakeholder.*—*Dear Sir.*—Desiring to challenge the winner for the championship of America and possession of the emblem, inclosed please find certified check for $250, as forfeit, in accordance with the rules adopted for the government of such contests. Yours truly,

A. P. RUDOLPHE.

CLARK E. WILSON VS. AMADEE GUILLET.—The following challenge, indited by Clark E. Wilson, now a roomkeeper in Brooklyn, is commended to the Whitehall player A. Guillet, who is perhaps as well known by the name of Louis:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 20.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—I understand that Mr. Louis Guillet wants to play anyone in Brooklyn at the three-ball game. Allow me to say that I will accommodate him—game to be 400 points up, with three balls, for $50 or $100 a side—at any time that suits his convenience. I am, respectfully, CLARK E. WILSON,

635 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

THE CHALLENGE CUP.—There are still no tidings of this emblem, which disappeared from Garnier's room on the morning of Dec. 1. Our theory that it was captured by "cracksmen" in their novitiate seems thus supported as time flies. Had the experienced hands, known to the police as "the gang," abstracted it, it would have been returned long before this. We understand that Garnier has given orders for the manufacture of a new cup, valued at $500, which he will hand to Rudolphe.

ROOM OPENING.—Ubassy, Vignaux & Dan Strauss' uptown or supplemental room, located on the northeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street, was formally opened to the public on the night of the 19th inst., when there were some fine playing and an excellent attendance. The lower room, at the corner of Fourteenth street and University place, will continue to be conducted by those gentlemen as heretofore.

CROWDED OUT.—The pressure on our columns this holiday number forces us to defer until next week an article, standing in type, in regard to what constitutes an amateur and a professional player, it being in answer to a request made by Messrs. A. R. Samuells, W. M. Fowler, and the twelve competitors in the last tournament in Brooklyn.

J. DION VS. VIGNAUX.—Joseph Dion is practicing with Garnier for his match with Vignaux for championship No. 2, which is to be played at Tammany Hall next week.

AQUATICS.

BROWN VS. SADLER.—*Bell's Life* of Dec. 5 says that the editor had been informed by Joe Sadler that he had concluded to close with George Brown's offer, and will row him upon his own terms in Bedford Basin, Halifax harbor, N. S. Articles were to have been forwarded to the American champion in a few days.

THE COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB of this city held their annual election Dec. 15, with the following result: Commodore, R. McWhinney; vice-commodore, E. H. Osborn; secretary, James A. Smith; treasurer, Robt. Wilson; measurer, Wm. Koppermith; steward, J. P. Smith.

THE VESPERS of Philadelphia balloted for officers Dec. 14 with the following result: President, E. E. Griffith; vice-president, Harry McMillan; treasurer, Wm. T. McNeley; secretary, C. D. Bickley; captain, Robert S. Skinner; lieutenant, James B. Mingus.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for officers of the Mystic Boat Club of Newark, N. J., resulted as follows: President, George S. Duryee; secretary, R. Van Buskirk, Jr.; treasurer, Wm. Evans, Jr., captain, D. E. Tuthill; lieutenant, Joseph R. Dennis.

MESSRS. STRONG AND BLAIR met for the fourth time in a sculling race, for £100, at Barrow-in-Furness, Eng., Nov. 28, the first named winning with great ease by a dozen lengths.

"JOHNNY" HAMLIL, brother of the ex-champion sculler, and present Assistant-Engineer of the Pittsburg, Pa., fire department, was the fortunate winner of an elegant gold watch at a charity fair held in that sooty burg recently.

THE PASSAIC BOAT CLUB of Newark, N. J., is now officered as follows: President, E. N. Crane; secretary and treasurer, W. E. Gardner; captain, W. K. Williamson; trustees, W. F. Harris and E. M. Roberts.

THE CONVENTION of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, originally fixed to be held at Hartford on the 16th inst., has been postponed until January.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

Col. McDaniel intends again training his well-known racehorse Tubman next season, he having become quite sound. Harry Bassett has been lame since the close of the campaign, but his owner purposes running him next year, if he gets all right.... Mr. C. Alloway, of Montreal, in addition to his purchase of Helmbold, bought the broodmare Maud Farris, by imported Yorkshire, and a two-year-old brown filly by Lewis' Melbourne, dam Kitty Free.... Mr. T. B. Marsh, of Passaic, N. J., for many years a member of the United States Express Company, in his will left the sum of $800 a year to be devoted to the support and maintenance of three horses belonging to him, as long as they lived..... Pete Duryea, of Fort Richmond, Staten Island, has sold his promising brown trotting gelding Nathan Ward to William Evans of Brooklyn, L. I., for $1,600. Last week, in Providence, R. I., Mr. D. Lyon matched his six-horse team to trot ten miles and draw half a cord of wood in one hour, for $250 a side; the team won with eight minutes to spare..... The recently established thoroughbred breeding establishment of Mr. M. H. Sanford, at the North Elkhorn Farm, near Lexington, comprises 57 brood mares; the stallions are Glenelg, Monarchist, Bar Wood and King Lear..... The Hudson River Agricultural and Driving Park Association of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., claim Aug. 17, 18, 19 and 20 for their Summer meeting in 1875..... Katie Pease, the winner of the great four-mile heat purse of $25,000, run for last month in California, will not return East until next December; Col. Gage's lease of her running qualities not expiring until that time.

A PACING MATCH, mile heats, three in five, to wagon for $1,000, between J. L. Eoff's s. g. Longfellow and Bailey Sargent's s. g. Jim Brown, came off at San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 13. Longfellow winning in three straight heats. Time, 2:19½, 2:22, 2:20¾.

A TROT for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off at the Bay District Fair Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 12, O. A. Hickok's b. m. Sisson Girl defeating J. L. Eoff's b. g. San Bruno, the latter taking the first heat. Time, 2:28¾, 2:29¾, 2:33, 2:33.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TWO ENGLISHMEN made their appearance at Bucyrus, O., Dec. 16, and got up a foot race with C. Turner of that place, a local runner of some note, and defeated him for $20, in a race of 100 yards, by four feet. Time, 11¾sec. They then tackled Wm. Adsetts and J. J. Scott, the races came off on the 18th, on the Fair Ground. The first was a dash of 75 yards, for $105, between Scott and Roberts. The former won by four feet; no time taken. The second was for seven miles (claimed to be a record for the latter, the former), distance 300 yards, Roberts to have 15 feet start, for $200. Adsetts won by seven feet quite handily. Considerable money changed hands; no time taken. So says a correspondent.

IN A WALK around the reservoir in Central Park, this city, starting from the Eighteth-street foot bridge, for $15 and $5, Dec. 11, John Berry and Thomas McAdams took the prizes, beating Thos. Hilton and James Lane.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Ed. Mullen and E. P. Weston.

FIFTY-MILE BICYCLE MATCH.—Some 5,000 persons assembled at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, Eng., Nov. 30, the attraction being a fifty-mile bicycle match between J. Keen of Surbiton, and J. Stanton of Hornsey, for £50. The weather was exceedingly fine. Shortly before one o'clock they put in an appearance, and were quickly dispatched on their mission by J. Vandy (who also officiated as timekeeper). Keen, on the inside position, took up the running at a slashing pace, and led at the end of the first lap by some five yards. The first mile occupied 3min. 50sec., and the second mile was accomplished in 7min. 21sec. Up to the thirty-fourth lap (375 to the distance), the Surbitonite maintained only a trifling advantage, but here Stanton had to dismount to procure a fresh machine, and in the interval Keen placed nearly a lap to his credit. This advantage he maintained to the commencement of the thirtieth mile, when Stanton again dismounted, and the breach was widened to two laps. Stanton now persevered gamely for another mile, when, to the chagrin of his followers, he came down heavily, and from this point he was hopelessly beaten, as Keen was now quite a mile in advance. The end of the thirty-fourth mile saw Stanton thoroughly worn out from the effects of the shaking he had sustained by his fall, and he retired, leaving Keen, who had ridden throughout in magnificent style, to finish his journey alone. Twenty-five miles were covered by Keen in 1 hour 32min. 37sec., while Stanton performed the same in 1 hour 33min. 19sec., and Keen concluded the fifty miles in 3 hours 9min. 21sec. We would call the attention of our readers to the fact that the times in which 25 and 50 miles were respectively ridden are better than appears in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, which was printed before the foregoing report came to hand.

AMUSEMENTS.

TIME TO STOP IT.

While playing an engagement at Charleston, S. C., a few years since, two members of a company appropriated a copy of my drama,

TRODDEN DOWN,
OR UNDER TWO FLAGS.

One of the parties has since produced the play in different variety theatres, under the title of

THE SOUTHERN SAWN,

etc. It has also been played by other parties under its original title. If every man should reap the benefit of his labor, then the dramatist should be specially protected, for great successes in dramatic literature rarely were won. Probably I should feel gratified to learn that my play was

WORTH STEALING,

but I take this public occasion to state, to all parties interested, that I do not appreciate the idea of not sharing the profits accruing from my labors. I do not like such treatment, and am determined to

PUT A STOP TO IT.

TRODDEN DOWN, OR UNDER TWO FLAGS, has been copyrighted, according to law, and this is to

CAUTION ALL MANAGERS AND ACTORS

not to produce any version of my drama under any title, without my special permission. HARRY WATKINS.

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Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Feb. 15, one week.
Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22, one week.
Cleveland, Ohio, March 10, one week.
Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 22, one week.
Albaugh's Theatre, Albany, March 29, one week.
Eldeler's Theatre, Pittsburg, April 12, one week.
Olympic theatre, St. Louis, April 19, one week.
Academy of Music, Chicago, April 26, two weeks.
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As many parties who are in debt to me will readily take advantage of this report as an excuse for not remitting their indebtedness, this is to give notice that I am still here, and having partially regained the use of my eyes, I am pleased to say that I can count remittances and acknowledge receipt of same. Heretofore I have abstained from resorting to the custom of Dramatic Agents before my commencing the business of publishing the names of delinquents, but patience having ceased to be a virtue with me, I give notice that unless I hear by the first of January next from such managers and performers who may be indebted to me for services rendered (some of whom have owed me for three years), I shall be ungenerous enough to publish, as soon as compiled, the name of every person with the amount appended, also such remarks relating to the particulars of the indebtedness as shall prove a valuable addition to the literature of the country.

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I have made up my mind that if within a reasonable time after the first of January I should not receive a satisfactory reply from these parties, I shall resort to the unpleasant duty of taking measures that will compel them to settle up, let the consequences be what they may.

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embracing the names of twenty-four ladies and gentlemen of reputation and merit, and in the zenith of its fame, is now on its way to Florida, having met with unparalleled success financially and professionally, throughout its entire route, viz., the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and the western portion of Florida; while the receipts and reputation earned in the cities of Nashville, Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Mobile, Columbus, Macon, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, etc., etc., are the most substantial guarantees of its excellence.

This circuit of the Southern States (which is to be a permanent one), is the most desirable in the country, while the climate is decidedly the most healthful and enjoyable, as the campaign is laid out with special reference to probable atmospheric changes and salubrious localities for the time being; the manager having had years of experience in this respect, which, together with an already established reputation as an honorable, judicious and live caterer to his patrons, renders his seasons peculiarly profitable in every particular.

WANTED—For the season of 1874 and 1875, applications from dramatic artists wishing to travel this favorite route. None but good, sober and positively reliable people, possessing the best of references and good wardrobe, desired. Address E. B. BROWN, Manager,
39-1t* Jacksonville, Florida.

THE GRINNELL CHILDREN,
HATTIE AND BENNIE.
AT LIBERTY DEC. 6.

Would like to join a combination. Business: Clog, jig, bornpipe, fling, songs-and-dances, sketches, written or to be written for them. They have also played in "Rip Van Winkle" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and hold fair to make their mark in the legitimate. Address ADDIE GRINNELL, 145 East 58th st., New York. 38-13t

HARRIGAN AND HART'S
new, original, comic and domestic drama, in 3 acts, entitled
"EUREKA."
Also a new 3-act sensation play, introducing their beautiful musical specialties, entitled the
DOYLE BROTHERS.
By EDWARD HARRIGAN AND JOHN WOODARD. Copyrighted according to law for the coming Summer season under the supervision of
MR. JOSH HART,
39-1t THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE GREATEST LAUGHING ARTIST IN THE WORLD,
JOLLY NASH,
has now concluded one of the most successful series of engagements on record, and has returned to England until August next, when he will revisit America. All applications for the season of 1875 can be made to JOSH HART, Esq., Theatre Comique, Broadway, N. Y. London address, 499 Wandsworth Road, S. W. 39-2t*

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CHRISTMAS WEEK.
PENDY,
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NIBLO'S.
C. R. THORNE.....LESSEE AND MANAGER
POSITIVELY COMMENCING MONDAY, DEC. 21, 1874.
EXTRA FAMILY MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY. REGULAR MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.
N. D. ROBERTS' JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME.
N. D. ROBERTS & CO., PROPRIETORS.
JAS. S. MAFFITT, Director; N. D. ROBERTS, Manager; WM. WITHERS, Musical Director; MECHANICAL EFFECTS BY WM. DEVERNA AND ASSISTANTS.
STUPENDOUS ATTRACTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.
FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK OF A
DOUBLE HARLEQUINADE!
EXPRESSLY ARRANGED FOR THIS OCCASION BY JAS. S. MAFFITT.

JAS. S. MAFFITT.....(Clowns).....HARRY JEE	Miss ADA LAURENT.(Columbines).FANNY DEARDON
GEO. F. KETCHUM...(Pantaloons)...CHAS. CHRISDIE	WM. EUNICE.....(Policemen).....J. C. FRANKLIN
JAS. W. SANDFORD...(Harlequins)...WASH ANTONIO	FREDDY RUNNELS.....(Sprites)...HARR

WAKE OF PADDY O'LYNN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY D. D. EMMETT.

When wanst ye are did, an' yer flesh an bones rotten,
Wid a nait little tomb-shtone to tell where yer laid,
If ye's have lived honesht ye'd soon be forgotten,
As has been the case since the world was firsht made.
"If saien's belaiven, an' honesty's thaivin,"
Then, sure it is, divilirv's counted no sin;
So I'll tell ye's what I've sain called good behavior
At the wake of a friend—poor ould Paddy O'Lynn.

Now, Paddy he died unbeknowsst to his neighbors,
Or iny one lise, for a fortnight or more;
An' his mansion was locked for so long that, be jabers,
They thot the besht thing was to bursht in the door.
They got a fince-rail that was lenguhy and heavy—
Took six men to wield it—an' burisht the door in;
Whin a corpse on the floor met the eaze of this bevy,
An' who should it be but ould Paddy O'Lynn.

Such howls as they gave while his body was risin,
On the hands of his friends, from the floor to the bed;
"Go, sind for the doctor! for maybe there's pyson!"
But the hole in his body nait "powder an lead."
Poor Paddy was tied up into a bow knot, sir;
To get im shtraight none could tell where till begin;
On his knais an' his iibows a dozen men sot, sir,
An shtraightened the body of Paddy O'Lynn.

Then who should appear but ould Dochtor McFillin,
Who felt of his puise an thin shook his ould pate,
Says he: "Rub 'im down, but be careful—don't kill 'im—
'Tis good to make powder and ball circulate."
But the'y'd come till be mourners, an nixer for nurses:
They'd naither rub body, nor arms, nor a shin;
On the poor doctor's head they poured out their curses
For tryin' to put life in Paddy O'Lynn.

The inquist was held, an' the verdicht decided,
The coroner unto aich juror did say:
"Tis my firm belaif that our frind Paddy dieded
From sugar o' lead mixed wid gunpowder tay."
In a chimbly thim laid 'im upon a few chairs, sir;
A towel was naitly tied under his chin;
Wid a rake they combed out what was left of his hairs, sir,
Which made 'im look dacent for Paddy O'Lynn.

'Twas Dennis McLaughlin thin said he belaived, sir,
That somethin' was wantin' which all had forgot;
He couldn't look dacent until he was shaved, sir—
To wed they argued, an' 'twas done on the spot.
They lathered 'im well—very good for beginners—
From behind both his ears to the point of his chin;
They sent for a broad-axe (the hard-hearted sinners),
An hewed off the beard of ould Paddy O'Lynn.

Now, the beard was as shtiff as a falld full o' shtubble,
An' wouldn't get soft wid a fortnight's good soak;
But they got it all off wid a grate dale o' trouble—
Whin they tackled the moustache, the broad-axe got broke!
It's trait 'im they would, but his taith were all welded;
So they poured in the grog where the bullet went in;
A beautiful sight as was iver beheided—
It took just a quart to trait Paddy O'Lynn.

The candles were brought in, an' so were the matches—
To make 'em both burn ivery sowl of 'em tried;
The prist was sent 'em two or three extra dispatches,
T.-at—"Candles won't burn for an ould suicide!"
Then they all did agree to divide Paddy's plunder,
But ach thinkated the other fell in for their fight;
"Jusht touch but one thing, an' I'll bate ye's like thunder!"
An' who was it shpoke but the ghost of O'Lynn.

O'Lynn he arose, an' he threw off the shait, sir,
An shtood jist as shtiff as if he were a shtake;
An whoi company he made a retrait, sir—
Of coorse that at onsht put an end to the wake.
The joke was too good to be kept in the dark, sir;
An' many got hurt till their heads were made spin;
Yees could raise a big row or an onpliasant lark, sir,
To mintion the wake of ould Paddy O'Lynn.

Then the mourners at wakes, or any such gatherins,
Or where death was caused by jisht powder and lead,
They'd never more think of their shaivins an' lathrins
Until they made sure that the corpses were dead
O'Lynn walks about wid his head quite erect, sir,
An' always prefers good ould whishkey to gin;
In fact, yees could say he's divilish well pleased, sir,
That a bullet was shot thro' ould Paddy O'Lynn.

THE SWORDSMITH OF TOLEDO;

OR, THE

SONS OF TUBAL CAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

Between them, they lifted up the reviving man, and carried him to the horses. The Count mounted his own, and again reminded the steward of the night for the surprise of the church. He still reined in his horse, and watched, from the height, the slow descent of the two men, one supporting the other with fatherly tenderness, and sighed. Even that reprobate heart, inured to villainy, had its weak point, and the renegade loved his adopted son.

As for the Count, not a soul in the world was there for him to ask affection of. By some unexplained interposition, the one beautiful creature whom in the last year he had encountered was snatched from his power.

He looked out before him. It was light enough to discern the outlines of the larger objects. There lay the town, and by the water side the shore was smooth where, twenty-four hours before, the swordmakers' mill had been honestly busy.

"Two enemies removed at one blow!" thought the Count. "I can drink joy from that fact, and let my foes be set against it in the fellowship of heaven and the rescue of the girl. Rescue, when there are none left to rescue. I must learn who can have found pleasure in thwarting me. But after the Church has disgorged in my behalf, after I have secured my position. Ah! I wanted these dashes to my successes, to make me appreciate them the more. All is well, and I defy the Unknown as I do the foes I can see before me."

"The Unknown is before you, Diego of Toledo!" said a deep voice near at hand.

His horse started like himself. There had suddenly appeared on the summit of the eminence, upon the drawbridge remains, a knight on a sable charger. With amazed eyes the Count distinguished the old and rusted armor of the days of the Great Rebellion, and at the sight of the dragon-crest he felt his heart sink within him. As he was thus stupor-stricken, the moon rose. Upon the silvery beams falling upon the stranger the details stood prominently out. Every thread of hair in that singular decoration of the helmet glinted its own shining light. The Count wondered so that his armor rattled. Was not such a tress hacked from the head of that poor martyr whose dust he had but now been surveying, and sent, with fiendish malignity, to the husband, who idolized her? But the champion of the dead was invisible from vengeance to confront him, though he stood almost in the midst of the host obedient to his commands.

"Diego of Toledo! make your peace with Heaven, whom you have offended!" said the stranger. "Your race is run! Prepare to die, thou dog!"

Then, as he beheld with eyes of consternation the steady advance upon him of the knight, clad in the armor so familiar to his eyes, an irresistible terror seized him. Without clearly knowing what he did, he clapped spurs to his steed, and, without thinking to draw his sword, turned and fled. He was pursued away. But close after him bounded the black horse. The two, pursuer and pursued, descended the hill like a whirlwind, passing the gipsy lines before a bow could be bent or a spear hurled. And while all eyes were full of astonishment, they saw the pair disappear in the distance upon the plain. Diego dared not turn his head. They were at the back of the town, crossing the waste land—dry sand, most distressing to the horses. The Count's was a very powerful brute, picked from a valuable stable, and yet he scarcely more than maintained his start. Through he seemed to share in his master's terror. They flew over the ground. Before them the forest rose, one black mass; between that and themselves, the rising ground where the caverns of Hercules were situated. The Count thought of refuge there, but suddenly he renewed that in that place the unwitting foe of his malice was probably interred, Miguel the smith; and with a moan of pain he swerved from the course.

Where was there shelter, now that in his first panic he had avoided the town? What if he halted, while he was fresh, and turned to bide? The thunder of his pursuer's horse, the clatter of weapons against his armor, these seemed proofs of a substance which could be affected by a sword-cut. But the Count's reason could not withstand the affright engendered of remorse. It was not one hunter that was at his heels, but hundreds. All those souls which he had speeded from the earth flocked to add to the train. The very graves seemed to open and disgorge spectres.

"Stay, recreant knight! hold, assassin!" cried the pursuer, unable to lessen the space between them, such were the frenzied efforts of the nobleman to fly.

In the vast mass that was the gorge of the quarry, which the christian captives had extracted thousands of tons of stone for the Moorish palaces. Perforce, the Count had to make a stand. Loth, he drew rein, and swung his mace in air. The blow was deftly parried by the other's gauntlet grasp, and a cut made in return at the nape of his neck. Again he cleft the air with his mace, and, as before, the sword not only fended the stroke, but returned to his gorget. A third time—and he recalled the armorer's warning: "The wearer of this suit will be invulnerable" save to him who knows the secret and aims his blow at the back of the neck. One swish blow of that long and trenchant sword, and, good metal to the contrary, he might be beheaded as by the blade of the deathman!

Desperate as the wolf driven into a corner, the Count roused all his energies, and delivered them in a formidable, crushing blow. But parrying it, the mace-head fell upon the neck of the black horse. The animal, smitten to the spine, uttered a snort of agony, and down came the rider, with the dying brute still between his legs.

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Diego had thrown himself off, and, without stopping, continued his flight on foot. All at once his failing hopes revived. Below him, at the end of a natural bridge in the gorge, some rough columns stood up. They were the remains of the Roman aqueduct. They formed the outlyers of a ruined building, labyrinthine in its ramifications. Once there, defense was easier, and concealment still more hopeful. His enemy had been delayed to recover his sword—his sole weapon. Diego was three-quarters over the bridge before the other was at the end. He plunged into the ruined building, his mailed feet waking curious echoes in the long-abandoned corridors. Any way and anywhere, he could, and ever and anon he believed he had distanced the pertinacious chaser. But each time he paused he heard the taunts:

"Turn, murderer and coward! usurper! You have lived like a devil—strive to die like a man!"

There was no roof to the ruins, and the moonlight fell within the walls. For the better breathing, the pursuer had thrown up his vizor, and in a less hasty look than he had heretofore given the fugitive recognized, at first, the swordsmith. But then, despite the scar, despite the lapse of years, every one of which had left its impress on that grave, grief-stricken visage, he knew again his brother!

That lent wings to his feet, and he darted away into the maze like an arrow. Hernan lost sight of him, when suddenly he heard an agonized cry. Then all was hushed. He advanced cautiously. A thick steam filled the species of chamber he'd hewn out of the solid rock, which he now entered. At his feet the floor ceased abruptly, and became the border to a large square bath.

Upon the bubbling surface, exuding a smell of sulphur, a mailed hand for a moment reached in the air, and then sank whence it came. The fugitive had rushed into the dilapidated hot-bath of the ancient Romans, overheated by the now uncontrolled hot spring and his armor's weight had carried him to the bottom.

Hernan felt his brain swim at the thought of his brother's fate, and staggered out of the antique bath with indescribable feelings in his breast. Wrong upon wrong may make a fratricide, but Hernan at this period of joy at the recovery of his son—an unhoped-for happiness—could have spared the life of Diego in cold blood, though he could never have forgiven him.

But though the plotter of mischief was past troubling church, crown or town now, his accomplices survived for the working-out of his devices. Hernan rapidly traversed the plain to the Caverns of Hercules. Already he could discern the beggars at each end of the town, busy as ants around a cask of honey, and it was impossible for a single person or even a small force to enter the city through their midst. Into the Caverns he confidently stepped. They were mere excavations, full of sombre windings, but with which he was quite familiar. On giving a signal call, he was immediately answered.

"Is that you, father?" cried Johan and Isabel, appearing from a narrow entrance to a passage of rocks, which could be made to fall together and mask the way.

"None other! It is the hour for deeds. But first, a word. Revenge upon my brother is takenirom our hands—Heaven has dispatched him to his final goal!"

And he told his story to the surprised pair.

"Fadicio and Ferrador," went on the Count, "hold in charge our brothers of the forge and anvil. They have their instructions, and on the first active movement of the beggars towards the town will assist the citizens to repel them. One matter grieves me. The Count's soldiery will, no doubt, turn against the town, and so, I fear me, will the men-at-arms of the new Archbishop. Diego has laid his plans well, thanks to the instigation of his subtle helper, Orsono. You may fight vigorously and best off the beggars, but with the enemy holding the Alcazar and the Cathedral, both on the heights, your labors will be fruitless."

"Yes, father; for none of the cities will help us. The news of the vagrants being in force will lock every town up within their own wall. I know the rule of selfishness."

"And I. Hence I have taken precautions. Three weeks ago I wrote off to the Emperor, in Germany. By rapid courier my answer was to come, sparing neither horse, purse nor man. Charles knows me, and my services to him have been deserving this reward. Either I mistake him, or you will not long carry on the struggle without succor intervening. The question is, will you keep the ball rolling till I return?"

"Till you return? I do not understand."

"I must meet the messenger—not here, where he would be a lone man, laughed at; but at Pinto or Madrid, where the Emperor's letter will raise me a force worth hieing to your rescue."

"Be sure, till the last man falleth, the resistance will be protracted! You know the Sons of Tubal Cain?"

"I do. I shall find a horse at the Mariscal Don Zupide's, or a little farther. I am breathed now. As for you, I have thought of an important diversion. You are not wanted by our brothers or the burghers—no more than I. A sword more or less, what matters? But hearken. This passage to the right, after no turnings of note, leads to a tunnel of easy access; that in turn into the charnel-house of the Cathedral. Look at this parchment when you have reached so far. It is a plan of the secret passages of your great church, many of them known but to me, now that the venerable Father Valentine, who rests with Abraham, is gone. In the heart of the Cathedral it will fare ill with you if you alone shall not be able to raise such a diversion as shall paralyze the traitors. I leave all to your wits and chance."

"Shall be done, father, for Isabel will be at my side. Brave, recovered of her plague, happy to dare death with me—we are two soldiers whom you dispatch into the hostile camp. Adios!"

And with an embrace the Count parted from his children, striding over the plain at a pace impossible but to one in the prime of health and manhood.

CHAPTER IX.
THE DEATH-BELL.

A more profound physician did not exist in Christendom than Orsono the renegade. When a youth, he journeyed in search of all remedies, and after he had sailed the seas in the service of galleys he had studied surgery by practical experiments. When at last he had placed his beloved Hassan on an improvised couch in the treasury chamber itself, he felt that half the battle was over, such was his confidence in his skill and the opinion he had founded on the first hasty examination of the pistol wound. It was there, about the hour when his patron had drowned himself in the scalding bath, that we find the renegade.

Though no decisive news of any sort was prevalent in the town, the uneasy feeling, which had never ceased to spread like a fever since the mysterious destruction of the swordmakers' mill, kept all the burghers in agitation. Up at the Alcazar there was as much bustle as for a festivity, and in the wakefulness of the Archbishop's palace, from which all traces of its use as a hospital had been already obliterated, his troopers, increased in numbers by recruits (seemingly sprung from the ground), were parading.

Three men, partly in rags and partly in armor, the pieces being all matching and of different make, were waiting by the treasure-door, feasting their eyes on the glitter of the silver and gold that a partly open door here and there revealed in chests and cupboards. These were powerful rogues, armed to the teeth—leaders, indeed, of the gipsy army.

Upon a heap of tapestry Hassan was tossed in pain. Orsono, with his small phial in his hand, watched the effect of his ministrations. The corsair could speak, and the eye which was uninjured—the other being covered with a silk bandage—seemed but little bloodshot in sympathy, considering such a shock to the nervous system.

"Better and better," said the treasurer of the church, setting the phial down. "In half an hour, another dose, and then we fear for you no more."

"But in half an hour," growled the corsair impatiently, "that will be time for action."

"No. We will postpone it till you are able to sit a horse, at least."

"Confusion! I could forget the disappearance of that girl; but I must be revenged on the enemy, swordsmiths or citizens. I must slay till my hand drops wearied!"

The gipsies applauded the sentiment.

"Health to you in the carrying-out of that wish!" said one of them, wearing a red cloth round his head to cut out the space which the too great size of his round steel cap supplied. "We have much ado to keep our tribe in the leash, but we must have you in the midst, if only to see us tread down the arrogant house-dwellers like corn under the threshing-ox."

"Thanks, Tadeo Malaleugna!" said Captain Mondragon, extending his hand, which the gipsies shook. "After I am again, beware, mine enemies!

"We will repeat this matter. Seville is rich in spoil, Madrid in booty. But I cannot dream of any guidance to confront him, though he stood almost in the midst of the host obedient to his commands.

"Diego of Toledo! make your peace with Heaven, whom you have offended!" said the stranger. "Your race is run! Prepare to die, thou dog!"

Then, as he beheld with eyes of consternation the steady advance upon him of the knight, clad in the armor so familiar to his eyes, an irresistible terror seized him. Without clearly knowing what he did, he clapped spurs to his steed, and, without thinking to draw his sword, turned and fled. He was pursued away. But close after him bounded the black horse. The two, pursuer and pursued, descended the hill like a whirlwind, passing the gipsy lines before a bow could be bent or a spear hurled. And while all eyes were full of astonishment, they saw the pair disappear in the distance upon the plain. Diego dared not turn his head. They were at the back of the town, crossing the waste land—dry sand, most distressing to the horses. The Count's was a very powerful brute, picked from a valuable stable, and yet he scarcely more than maintained his start. Through he seemed to share in his master's terror. They flew over the ground. Before them the forest rose, one black mass; between that and themselves, the rising ground where the caverns of Hercules were situated. The Count thought of refuge there, but suddenly he remembered that in that place the unwitting foe of his malice was probably interred, Miguel the smith; and with a moan of pain he swerved from the course.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Oct. 27, 1874.
EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I forward you a copy of the above prayer, now in my possession.
JACK GOULDING.

OUR—Lord and King, enthroned on high,
FATHER—of light, mysterious Deity,
WHO—art the Great I Am, the Last, the First;
ART—righteous, holy, merciful and just.
IN—realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN—is the dwelling-place of God, our King.
HALLOWED—thy name, which all names transcend.
BE—thou adored, our great almighty friend.
THY—glory shines beyond creation's space,
NAMED—in the book of Justice and of Grace.
THY—kingdom tower beyond thy starry skies,
KINGDOM—satanic falls, but thine shall rise.
COME—let thine empire, O thou holy one,
THY—great and everlasting will be done.
WILL—God make known his will, his power display,
BE—it the work of mortals to obey.
DONE—is the great, the wondrous work of love!
ON—Calvary's cross he died, but rises above.
EARTH—bears the record in thy Holy Word,
AS—Heaven adores thy love, let earth, O Lord!
IT—shines transcendent in the eternal skies,
IS—praised in Heaven, for man the Saviour dies.
IN—songs immortal, angels laud his name;
HEAVEN—shouts for joy, and the saints his love proclaim.

GIVE—us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
US—that food on which our souls may live!
THIS—be our boonday, and day's by home,
DAY—without end, in our eternal home;
OUR—souls supply from day to day;
DAILY—assist and aid us while we pray.
BREAD—though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend,
AND—make us grateful when thy gifts descend!
FORGIVE—our sins, when in destruction place
US—like the fiery, of a rebel race.
OUR—souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
DEBTORS—to thee in gratitude and love,
AND—in that duty paid by mission above,
LEAD—us from sin and in thy mercy raise
US—from the tempter and his hellish ways.
NOT—in our own, yet in His name who bled;
INTO—Thine ear we pour our every need.
TEMPTATION'S—fatal charm help us to shun.
BUT—may we conquer through thy conquering Son!
DELIVER—us from all which can annoy,
US—in this world, and may our souls destroy!
FROM—all calamities which men betide,
EVIL—and death, O turn our feeble pride!
FOR—we are mortals, worms, and cleave to clay.
THINE—'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
IS—not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
THE—whole Creation knows no God but Thee.
KINGDOM—and empire, in thy presence fall,
THE—King, eternal, reigns the king of all,
POWER—is wholly Thine; to Thee be glory given!
AND—be thy name adorned by Earth and Heaven!
THE—praise of saints, and angels is thy own!
GLORY—to thee, thou Everlasting One!
FOREVER—be thy triune name adored!
AMEN!—HOSANNA! blessed be the Lord

VENICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CAPT. BARCLY.

I was a guest at the Grand Hotel d'Europe. I verily believe that, next to the apex of the Himalaya Mountains, the highest elevation in all Europe was my room at this Grand Hotel. I went to Venice to see Venice, and from my window I saw it by sunlight and moonlight—in silks and in rags, as well as in all its regal splendor and abject poverty. No city on the Continent has more marked contrasts, and no city in the world has a more romantic history. Century after century has passed away since it was built, and yet to-day it is famous in romance and song. Pomp and splendor, as well as rags, poverty and crime, meet you everywhere.

O Venice! how beautiful, how dreamy, how enchanting, how luxurious, and yet how filthy and full of vermin, thou art!

It was a June night when I sat alone in my room at the Hotel d'Europe, and looked upon the Queen of the Adriatic. A clear, full moon stood in the sky, and as its rays glinted upon the waters a thousand gondolas could be seen passing to and fro. Some were laden with families of opulence and rank, whose persons were decked with silks and plumes, and with bells attached to their gondolas to warn the plebeians of their coming; while others contained the lowly born, dressed in muslin sash and turban. Music and song mingled, and seemed to sound everywhere. It seemed to come out of the waters below, and was floated to my listening ears by the gentle breathings of the night-wind. I saw the Great Square of St. Mark, with its wonderful Cathedral, only rivaled perhaps in its splendor of its architecture by the Cathedral at Milan. Above the theatre of Arlette shone in the moonlight, I was enchanted with the scene, and thought:

"Indeed, how mindful the landlord of the Hotel d'Europe has been of my happiness."

Ly to light. Numerous gondolas moored gondolas awaiting an occupant. A small price could hire one for a few hours, and why should I not be a Venetian among the Venetians for a night?

I left my room and groped my way along the corridor of the hotel. Its length I never clearly ascertained. I concluded it was a mile, but probably was mistaken. I was halted a number of times, somewhat rudely, by the night-porters demanding proof of my being a guest at the house; but instantly, upon my producing the key to 999, I was permitted to pass on.

I selected a gondola carrying a green light. The price charged was nominal. The oarsman was a swarthy and somewhat muscular fellow, wearing a green turban, with a faded sash about his waist of the same hue. He asked me where I wished to go. I answered him in broken English:

"First to the Bridge of Sighs, and then to the Great Square of St. Mark."

His gondola shot from the wharf with the velocity of the wind, and in a few moments I was sailing among the princes and paupers of Venice. Every gondola has a lamp, and some many, according to the rank of the occupant. The red, the green and the blue are the colors which predominate; and as they shot hither or pass from under its numerous lamps, the effect upon a stranger to such scenes is marvelous. Songs, laughter, music, mirth, mingled with a sharp Italian oath now and then, are truly Italian, and truly Venice.

The Bridge of Sighs is historical, as is also the Great Square of St. Mark, and I shall attempt no description of either. Both are marvels, both are the pride of Venice.

It was early yet (the Italians apparently never go to sleep), and I stepped from the gondola and entered the Great Square of St. Mark. All was gayety, all was life, and music filled the air. Brass bands and string bands seemed playing in the parks and from the housetops. On the sidewalks were seated hundreds of the common people at small tables, enjoying drinking, others eating *granita*. Fights were common, and the women never seemed backward about mingling in the fray. The Italian public are active and seemingly ever on the alert, and make quick work of any disturber of the peace.

I entered the Great Bazar of St. Mark—the largest and finest in all Europe. What a sight! The brilliant glare from thousands of lights, the costly fabrics from nearly every clime on earth, the army of clerks, Italian girls, and many of them truly handsome, both blondes and brunettes. I left the Great Bazar with reluctance for new sights—to find a

VENICE PRISON.

I wandered up and down the Great Square. All was new to me, and I was charmed and fascinated. I walked to the very gates of the old Cathedral, and by the light of the full, clear moon saw its towering pillars and the splendor of its architecture. All was grand, all was silent, and yet all seemed to speak with a thousand tongues. I turned away, and once more mingled with the crowd upon the Square.

Suddenly I heard a rushing of feet. I turned quickly to see the cause, and at a glance saw a motley crowd rushing in the direction I had been walking, and seemingly each one hallooing "Stop thief! stop thief!" Involuntarily I started and ran with all my might. Why I did so, to this day I cannot tell. Whether it was from excitement or from fear, I cannot say. Perhaps both. I felt my pursuers gaining upon me, and their cries became more energetic. I felt a blow upon my head—I fell to the earth, and a huge hand grasped me by the throat. I looked the ruffian in the face, felt his hand glide into my pocket. It all shot through my brain in an instant.

"This is the man—this is the fellow!" said the chap who had grappled with me.

Two police-officers had me by the collar, and I saw my villainous accuser dart from me and disappear. I recits to past his life of villainies. I stammered forth something in broken Italian, declaring my innocence of any crime; but they seemingly did not understand, or cared not to listen.

"Search him! search him!" I heard a number of persons exclaim.

The left hand glide into my pocket—something was withdrawn.

"Here it is—here it is!" said one of the officers, holding up a watch. "We have him—he is the man. Sure enough—no mistake!"

I felt my fearful situation, but what could I do? I did not know a living soul in Venice—in fact, not a person in all Italy. I thought of the landlord of the Hotel d'Europe; but even he could not vouch for my character, much less attest to my innocence, as I had been his guest but for a few hours. I thought of my passport, but of what avail were they in this emergency? None! I thought of Isabella, the American Consul. He was slumbering in his bed of down, no doubt, and in what part of Venice I did not know.

I expostulated in broken Italian, in vain asserting my entire innocence. I fought back at one time with all the strength at the command. I was foiled, foolish as it certainly was, seemed positive proof of my guilt. A well-directed blow upon my skull from one of the officers' clubs brought me upon my knees, and I arose both obedient and submissive.

I was rudely flung into a gondola moored at the nearest wharf, and rowed to the bastile. Black and grim it seemed to me. A huge door opened. It creaked upon its hinges. I was thrown in like a felon. The door closed—I heard the bolts turn. I was in a dungeon—all was black within. I laid down upon the cold stone floor and wept. Vermin commenced to crawl over my body. I fought them bravely, but it was idle.

"Beautiful Venice, Queen of the Adriatic!" I soliloquized. "Indeed, how sweet will be my first sleep within thy portals!"

I dispatched a messenger early in the morning to the proprietor of the Grand Hotel d'Europe. He kindly came. I told him the whole story. My frankness, no doubt, commended me to his sympathy. He said the proof was against me, however, I being a foreigner, and furthermore said that the Americans were in especial disfavor with Italian magistrates. He advised me to seek the aid and influence of the American Consul at that port. He came promptly at my earnest solicitation. I submitted letters of introduction that, fortunately, I had with me from a prominent gentleman in the United States, who proved a personal friend of the Consul. He interceded in my behalf with the magistrate, and I was discharged.

* * * *

By the sagacious reader the trick played upon me by the Venetian pickpocket and rascal will be readily discerned. It is old in Europe, and has often been successfully carried out in New York. I learned afterwards that the rogues and pickpockets of Venice were the most dexterous and shrewd in the world. Furthermore, that the police in many cases were in league with the rascals, and were ready to aid them and screen them from punishment for a consideration. A foreigner was always singled out as a scapegoat for their crime, and I had proved the unfortunate victim in this instance. The thief had been detected in his crime, and had cunningly cried "Stop thief!" had cruelly felled me to the ground, had slipped his booty in my pocket, and escaped. The police were undoubtedly aware of my innocence, and were fully rewarded by the gang of pickpockets in the morning. I left Venice for Florence the next day.

Her fame is great, and indeed beautiful—she is rich in art, and regal in splendor. I remember all her magnificence and beauties. I also remember her villainous police—her dark and damp dungeon, and its vermin.

O Venice, Queen of the Adriatic!

THE YOUNG LADY who whistles defends herself in *The Corinthian of Work* as follows: "Let no one deny me the privilege of whistling when sitting alone at my sewing machine. If compelled to walk alone at night, I never fear danger at an approaching footstep if accompanied with the music of whistling. I do not believe a person can whistle who is intent on evil."

DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC NOVELTIES IN LONDON AND PARIS.

"LA BOULE,"

a four-act comedy by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, was recently produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, France, and is thus spoken of by the correspondent of *The Era:*

The merits of the first act alone would be enough to secure the triumph of an otherwise indifferent play: it is a quite perfect comedy in itself. We are introduced to a husband and wife whose domestic life is far from serene, the cause of their chronic disagreement being the not uncommon one of an undue disproportion of age—the gentleman being forty-two and the lady only eighteen. A rumored hot-water bottle—*la boule*—which the latter requires in her bed under the pretense of having cold feet, but in reality for the purpose of teasing M. Paturel, leads to incessant bickerings. At last, one night, when, according to her invariable custom, his better-half has pushed the obnoxious utensil against his legs, the husband's irritation explodes, and he throws *la boule* out of the window. Next day a much larger one finds its way into the establishment, and a state of open war is thenceforth declared between the parties. Hostilities are at their height when the curtain rises. The art of the authors is well exemplified by the manner in which they place before the audience a series of trifling incidents drawn from every-day domestic life, which, though of the slightest possible importance in themselves, serve to illustrate in telling colors the tale of domestic troubles with which the audience is to be made acquainted. The usual recriminations are started, one word follows another, and the language on both sides soon reaches its maximum of abuse. Husband and wife each in turn bewilder their visitor with requests to take good note of what the other says, and finally beg of him to give them his name and address. But M. de la Musardiere is an old beau, who, happening to have a wife of a jealous disposition, dreads being involved in a scandal that may cause his relations with Mlle. Mariette to be exposed in a court of justice, and though he does not dare to refuse an address to either, he gives a false one to each, both different, and at the extreme opposite ends of Paris. The search, begun under such circumstances by the Paturels, is, of course, at first unsuccessful, but they each bear in mind the name of the theatre at which Mlle. Mariette is such a brilliant star—the Folies Amoureuses—and thither both rush in quest of their witness. There they meet, and Musardiere's wife, who has obtained a clue to her husband's infidelity, also appears, so that the old beau's connection with Mlle. Mariette is brought complete. To his horror, Musardiere finds his wife making made his appearance in the Divorce Court as a witness in the latter case, unless he have to figure there as principal in one of his own. Then comes an act of the broadest farce, that in which the cause of Paturel and his wife is heard before a mock tribunal, the Judge, whose idiosyncrasies are developed by Lheritier with marvelous talent. The fun is indescribable. In the end, husband and wife make up their differences. They find that a servant has had much to do in sowing disunion between them, and discover on reflection that their imaginary antipathy to each other is one of so serious a character as to necessitate separation for life. The Musardiere case is, however, of a graver character; the cause of complaint is more serious and of longer standing, and a decree of divorce is pronounced. Between the good example of the Paturels, who have become a model couple by the reconciliation, produces its natural effect, and the old beau resolves to make a sacrifice, and that his wife agrees to give him another trial. It turns out consequently that the Paturels, whose union Musardiere was in the first instance to help to dissever, are the willing instruments by which the domestic affairs of the latter are happily patched up. The cast embraced Geoffroy as Paturel, Gil Perez as Musardiere, Mlle. Valerie as the discontented wife, Mlle. Alice Regnault as the *ocotte*, and Lheritier as the Judge.

"THE COURT, THE PRISON, AND THE SCAFFOLD"

is the title given by L. Bell to a romantic drama presented at the Britannia Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 30. Its story is as follows:

Antoine de Rochefort has been in love with a lady, who, meeting at the Ball in Orleans, is grossly insulted by him and shortly after dies. Antoine, knowing the vile behavior of the prince, becomes dissipated, and wherever he turns is watched upon by Huguet, the prince's secretary, who brings about his own ends. Antoine, after the death of the affections of Madeline under an assumed name, and when that lady is in the power of the prince and his secretary (who secretly loves her), Antoine appears and is at first accepted as the dissipated noble; and as he has thwarted the prince, his position is by no means enviable. Madeline, however, gives him her love. With a feeling of revenge he visits an old Jew, Benoni, for the purpose of raising money to enable him to leave France, but the secretary has prohibited the Jew from doing this. Antoine pleads, and proffers the old man his sword as a guaranty that he shall be faithfully paid, but all to no use. D'Etanges, who is the prince's confidant, overhears the Jew insults him. A scuffle takes place, and the secretary, who has been hiding, blows out the light, and with Antoine's sword kills the old man. The result is easily guessed. Antoine is accused of the murder, tried, and ordered for execution; but, as strenuous appeals are made on his behalf, the prince grants a pardon, hoping all the while that the execution has taken place. Such, however, is not the case. Antoine is at last righted, and the drama concludes with the wedding meet out to nearly all. The scene of the murder was well conceived and riveted the attention of the audience. The author enacted the character of Benoni.

"TEN OF 'EM."

An operetta-bouffe by Arthur Matthison, entitled as above, was presented to the patrons of Drury-lane Theatre, London, Dec. 2.

A certain dashing young lieutenant of Hussars has fallen desperately in love with Sidonia, the housekeeper and factotum of Herr Von Schonhanan, and the rollicking soldier manoeuvres to get into the house in order to flirt with his lady-love. The only method of acquiring this desired end is to pretend that the lieutenant is a suitor for the hand of one of Herr Schonhanan's daughters. Alas! there are "ten of 'em." They are the most unwomanly women in the district, and for miles round about it, and their accomplishments are varied as their beauty. Several of them can sing like Patti and Nilsson, and one and all with the fervor of Mrs. Siddons; one can dance with the grace of a Taglioni, but, unfortunately, none of them go off. They ogle, they sing, they trot out their graces, they flirt, but nobody comes wooing this way. The Herr Papa, with his ten darlings, is delighted at the announcement of the visit of Mr. Anonymous Bore, as this is the *nom de guerre* of the lieutenant of Hussars. He can conceive the possibility of such a disaster as a preference being shown to any wooing-gas Sidonia when ten such beautiful creatures are in the matrimonial market. So the girls are brought down to be inspected by Agamemnon. They sing, they dance, they recite, and they make eyes at the supposed wooing fellow, but all to no avail, and the Herr Papa asks which of the daughters Mr. Paris would prefer, he boldly declares "Not one of them." He wishes to speak to

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

SEDUCTION, ELOPEMENT, AND CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.

In the District Court, Mr. Thomas J. Jack, plaintiff's attorney, has filed the declarations in the suit of John W. Hammill vs. John Rahe. The action is brought for $10,000 damages, caused by the plaintiff in the loss of the comforts and affections of his wife, who eloped with the defendant. The document, in substance, sets forth that the defendant was summoned to answer the plaintiff on a plea of trespass on the case. For that whereas the defendant contriving and wrongfully, wickedly and unjustly intending to injure the plaintiff, and to deprive him of the comfort, fellowship and assistance of Emma Hammill, his wife, and to alienate and destroy her affection for the plaintiff; that, on the 12th of October, 1874, at the city of Pittsburg, in the county of Allegheny, and on divers other days and times after that day and before the commencement of the suit, it is alleged that the defendant did wrongfully, wickedly and unjustly have criminal intercourse, and know the said Emma Hammill, she still being the wife of the plaintiff, her affections thereby being alienated and destroyed from her husband. And, also, by means of the promises the defendant has made to the said Emma Hammill, the comfort, fellowship and society, as well as her aid and comfort, have been lost to plaintiff in his household affairs, the said assistance which plaintiff ought to have had causing him a damage of $10,000. Hammill further says, that on the 12th of October, 1874, Emma Hammill was his right and lawful wife, and lived with him in good will, love and chastity; that plaintiff had great comfort in her behavior, affection and conversation, and that he lived happily with her and their several children, and thereby was esteemed a good member of society. After citing Emma's several virtues, which the plaintiff has lost thereof, he says that on the day aforesaid Rahe did depart with his wife, she leaving the plaintiff without his knowledge or consent, and contrary to his will and desire, removing with the defendant to another house in the city of Pittsburg, and where he concealed her in a room furnished by him, and where he kept her for a period of two months, during which time defendant, who is a single man, often visited her, staying frequently all day and night and sometimes longer. The plaintiff concludes by saying that he has been greatly injured in mind and feeling by the defendant, and ten thousand dollars would act as a partial healing plaster to his wounded affections.—*Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Dispatch*, Dec. 9.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN WITH REVOLVERS AFTER A LOTHARIO.—About ten days ago a young man of prepossessing appearance made the acquaintance of a lady in Camden, N. J., who is the mother of several children, and who, until the advent of the modern Don Juan, lived very happily with a devoted husband. The personal attractions of the young Philadelphian proved stronger than her fidelity to her spouse, and at last, yielding to his solicitations, she left husband and children and came to Philadelphia, where her paramour found a quiet boarding-house, in which he would, as he fondly hoped, be safe from pursuit. Had he taken equal pains to conceal himself, the result might have been different. He, however, engaged a room at the Merchants' Hotel on Fourth street, only seeing his inamorata at rare intervals. Tuesday evening two young, well-dressed and evidently cultured ladies, who afterwards proved to be the sister of the frail wife and mother, entered the Merchants' Hotel and inquired for the young gentleman alluded to. They were informed by the clerk that he was in his room, and that they could see him in the parlor. Thither they bent their steps, and soon after their unsuspecting victim appeared. The scene suddenly changed. Two pretty faces, which to the clerk had been all smiles, suddenly became darkened with frowns. Two little right hands which a few moments before calmly reposed in their muffs unexpectedly drew from some dark recess two Colt revolvers. The young man was abruptly collared. The revolvers suddenly came into unpleasant contact with his head, and he was ordered in coll, determined tones to lead the way to the house in which the Camden lady was concealed. For a moment he hesitated, but the cold chambers of two revolvers stared him in the face, and he reluctantly left the hotel with his fair captors, and went with them to the house in which he had placed his victim. When the brave little women found themselves face to face with their fallen sister, they let go their hold and allowed a sadder and a wiser man to return to his hotel. The Camden lady returned to her home that evening.—*Philadelphia* (Pa.) *Press*, Dec. 2.

RUNAWAY NUPTIALS.—The rooms over John Renner's saloon, northwest corner Central avenue and Fourth street, opposite the Grand Hotel, were last evening sanctified to some extent by the celebration of runaway nuptials, the parties principal being Miss Louisa Scheer (now Mrs. Schied), a rosy, plump, healthy young blonde, the eldest daughter of the wealthy senior partner in the brewery of Scheer & Co., at Morrow, and Mr. Henry Schied, the proprietor of a popular saloon in Morrow, which was closed up by the crusaders on the 6th of July. Henry had been wooing Miss Scheer, contrary to the wishes of her father, who is worth his hundreds of thousands. When the crusaders compelled him to shut up shop in July, he entered into a secret compact with his young sweetheart (Miss Scheer was only seventeen years old) to make a runaway match of it when the temperance lunacy should blow over and business become brisk. He then absented himself from Cincinnati for about three months, returning to Morrow in the latter part of September. Yesterday the lovers secretly made arrangements for their little elopement. Miss Scheer, whose parents live two miles from town, obtained leave to visit Morrow Free-school, on pretext of bringing some nice lunch to her little brother there, instead of which she joined Mr. Schied at the depot, arriving here in the evening and taking rooms at the Walnut-street House. John Renner, an old friend of the naughty Henry Schied, had been notified of the elopement by telegraph from Lockland, and soon procured the services of 'Squire True, a license and witnesses. Then the whole party proceeded to Renner's, where the nuptual ceremony was performed and a nice little marriage banquet spread out up-stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Renner, Mr. and Mrs. Lagner of Central avenue, Messrs. McLachlin and Fischer, were all present. The evening was devoted to the good gods Bacchus and Hymen, alse to the Muse of Song.—*Cincinnati* (O.) *Enquirer*, Dec. 3.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—Last Summer a well known and wealthy manufacturer, of New England, visited the White Mountains. He became infatuated with one of the waiter-girls. He was seventy, and the maiden was seventeen. He agreed to give her an education and adopt her, though he had several daughters of his own. She joyfully accepted the proposition, donned the white apron and cap once and started on her new life. Of course the connection could not be very satisfactory to the family. The girl had a vein of shrewdness about her, and insisted that a formal paper of adoption should be drawn up. This was done, and the girl was sent to a well-known educational institution to receive a little polish. A correspondence was kept up between the parties. But to outsiders the matter was not satisfactory, and the principal refused to receive the young lady into the school after the vacation was over. Soon after, the gentleman became crazy, and was removed to a lunatic asylum; removed, as the girl said, to get him beyond her reach. The remittances failed, and of course there was trouble in the new school into which the girl had entered. On the passing-away of insanity the infatuation of the old man seemed to go with it. He tried to break up the correspondence, without success, and the family exerted all their influence to recover the fatal bond of adoption; but the girl held on to it. She had besides a bushel of letters breathing the most ardent affection. A pecuniary negotiation was set on foot, which at first the maiden repudiated. She professed to be devotedly attached to the old man, and did not want money. But it was discovered that the document, as a legal claim, was not worth the paper it was written on. Then the young lady came to terms, and the sum of $5,500 healed her broken heart and wrung from her an obligation that she would trouble the old man no more. She does not propose to go in search of her apron.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Journal*.

THE PROCTOR-MOULTON LIBEL SUIT.—The Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman, the referee in Edna Dean Proctor's suit against Francis D. Moulton, yesterday handed his report to the Clerk of the United States Circuit Court, and a motion to have it confirmed is only necessary to close the case completely. The findings of the referee are:

I find on the pleadings and on the admissions by the defendant that the defendant did publish of and concerning the plaintiff in the declaration in the manner and respect set forth; that the imputations and statements in said publication made upon and concerning the character and conduct of the plaintiff were wholly and absolutely untrue; that the defendant, by his counsel (disclaiming malice in the publication), admitted the untruth of such imputations and statements; that the plaintiff, by her counsel, thereupon expressed her unwillingness to receive as damages any sum beyond an indemnity for the expenses incurred by her in the prosecution of this suit. I find as conclusions of law that the plaintiff by the admissions of the defendant in that respect set forth in the declaration was libelous; that the plaintiff is entitled to recover damages therefor against the defendant, and I fix and determine the amount of such damages at four thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, for which sum the plaintiff is entitled to and should have judgment against the defendant.

Mr. Beecher's counsel, who have in vain attempted to have the reference reopened, that their client might testify against Moulton and Tilton and in vindication of Miss Proctor, are debarred from a motion to reopen the case, which might be made before its confirmation by Gen. Tracy. Miss Proctor's lawyers, as well as Mr. Beecher's, have agreed with Gen. Butler as to the disposition of the case.—*N. Y. Sun*, Dec. 17.

ANOTHER FALLEN CLERGYMAN.—Winchester, Pa., was lately astounded by the promulgation of the fact that the Rev. Joseph Stittim had ruined Miss Sarah Hall, a young lady of high standing in society, and of heretofore unblemished character. It appears from the testimony that this young lady has of late been frequently visited by the pastor, he being the minister of the First Presbyterian Church there. The parents thought his visits were for their daughter's spiritual welfare, and made no objections. Such is the indignation of the community that the Rev. Mr. Stittim is compelled to call for legal protection in order to escape from being lynched. The discovery of her fall has thrown the young lady into a state of temporary insanity. In her sane moments she says that he quoted the Bible to prove that his conduct was in accordance with the dictates of the Word of God. Mr. Stittim was arrested, but is now at liberty under bail of $2,000 for appearance at court. He is at present undergoing a trial by his church. The church officials assert the innocence of their pastor, and will undoubtedly bring in a verdict of not guilty." The friends and relatives of the young lady are determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and threaten that if the law will not punish him, they will, at the first opportunity, take the law into their own hands.—Dispatch to *N. Y. Sun*.

A WEDDING WITHOUT CARDS.—Rev. Mr. Newman, she pastor of the emigrants at Castle Garden, this city, performed a marriage ceremony Dec. 15, which was made rather interesting by the circumstances surrounding it. The bridegroom was a young emigrant who had come over with the bride, and, she being ill, he was first desirous of turning her over to the care of the Emigration Commissioners. However, Mr. Jackson, the secretary of the Board, told him that she would only be received in the hospital if he married her; and as he declared that he would consent to no such proposition, he was quietly informed that he would be arrested, in order to be compelled to give security for the maintenance of the young stranger who was about to make its debut on this mundane stage. This determined announcement brought the youth to his senses; he consented to marry the girl, who is rather pretty and seemed to be very fond of him, and now she is in the hospital of the Emigration Commission. This is not the only instance of the kind in which Mr. Jackson has, indirectly, tied the marriage knot. It is almost needless to state that there were no cards for this wedding ceremony, and that the young husband has been somewhat reconciled to his new role.

A SOCIETY BELLE'S SHAME AND DEATH.—A telegram from Sioux City, Iowa, to *The Chicago* (Ill.) *Evening Journal*, dated Dec. 13, says: "Little more than a month ago the marriage of Mr. H. S. Tounsley of the firm of Jandt, Tounsley & Co., and Miss Lou Buckrucker, the belle of fashionable society of this city, took place. About one week ago the community were startled by the reception of the sad news of the sudden death of the bride, and under such circumstances as to cause apprehension that a crime had been committed. Public sentiment demanded an official inquiry, and a coroner's jury was impaneled. After the post-mortem examination of the body, which was exhumed yesterday for the purpose, and the examination of the witnesses, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that an abortion had been committed, and was the cause of her death, implicating Dr. J. Bailey, formerly of Madison, Wis. In his examination he testified to having been called professionally a few days previously to her death; that she then had a miscarriage; that, in his judgment, she had become pregnant five months previously. He emphatically disclaims any complicity in the terrible outrage. The doctor was arrested and placed under $3,000 bonds to appear at the next term of the court. The doctor's character has heretofore been above reproach, and as a man he has enjoyed the confidence and respect of the community."

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE TROTTING SEASON OF 1874.

Changes in the Records.

The season of 1874 has been distinguished for the numerous important changes in the fast-time records which have been effected on the trotting turf, and which have been of such a character as to astonish the old-time sporting-men who imagined, a few years ago, that the limit of trotting speed had been reached when Flora Temple marked down 2:19¾ on the fast-time record. That time remained unequaled for a period of eight years, when the world-renowned Dexter eclipsed it by trotting a mile in 2:17¼. For four years this record continued undimmed in its brightness, when the coming empress of the trotting turf, the famous Goldsmith Maid, surpassed it with her brilliant performance, at Milwaukee, of 2:17, and followed this up the ensuing year (1872) with the still greater record of 2:16¾. Although the fleet California horse Occident equaled this time in 1873, it was reserved for Goldsmith Maid to effectively wipe out both records during the past Summer, and successively credit herself with 2:16½, 2:16, 2:15½, 2:14¾, and 2:14—a quintet of performances which will render her immortal in the annals of trotting. A brief retrospect of the season rendered memorable by such brilliant achievements may not be uninteresting, now that the year is coming to a close.

The first really important trotting contest of the season of 1874 was that between Judge Fullerton and American Girl, at Fleetwood Park Spring Meeting, on May 29. Dan Mace, just recovered from a protracted and dangerous sickness, which had left him so weak that it was necessary to assist him into the sulky, drove Judge Fullerton, and John Trout for the first time handled the reins over the American Girl. It was a capital contest, and although American Girl won the first heat in 2:25¼, Judge Fullerton trotted steadily in the next three heats, and won the race with comparative ease in 2:23¾, 2:22, 2:23. The following day, May 30, Goldsmith Maid came out for the first time of the season, in a hippodrome trot at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, for a purse of $2,500, and beat her opponent, the pacing horse Copperbottom, in three straight heats, in 2:25½, 2:24¾, 2:26½—time which gave little promise of her subsequent great achievements during the season. A week later, June 8, she encountered Judge Fullerton at Prospect Park Spring Meeting, in the free-for-all purse of $2,500, and beat him in four heats; the Judge taking the first heat in 2:19, and the Maid the next three in 2:18¼, 2:28, 2:21½. On June 15, Goldsmith Maid trotted against, and beat in a match for $5,000, the bay mare Nettie, at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia; the owner of the winner staking $3,000 to $2,000—time, 2:23, 2:26, 2:24½. At Fleetwood Park, June Meeting, Goldsmith Maid for the second time met Judge Fullerton in the free-for-all purse of $3,500, and beat him easily in the slow time of 2:26, 2:27½, 2:23. Fullerton being drawn after the first heat, on account of illness. A month later, July 16, these two famous trotters came together again at East Saginaw, Mich., for a purse of $5,000, inclusive of $1,000 for the horse beating 2:16¾, then the best trotting record. Again did Goldsmith Maid assert decisively her superiority over her antagonist, for she won the first heat in 2:19¾, the second in 2:16½, and the third and race in 2:16. This was the fastest time for three heats in a race, ever made, and the slowest of two of these heats was better than the fastest recorded time previously made by a trotter. Although defeated, Judge Fullerton was not disgraced, for it was by far the best and fastest race he had ever trotted, and he was close up with the mare every heat, and he was close up with the mare every heat, and he was close up with the mare every heat

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Dec. 21.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnett, Minnie
Arnett, Annie
Burke, Nellie M.
Burdean, Mrs. H.
Brevoort, Kate
Burke, Mrs. J. M.
Bernard, Mrs. Anna
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Boyd, Nellie (actress)
Baker, Clara (of Irwin Co.)
Berrie, Mrs. Theresa
Bush, Dora
Barrett, Mrs.
Brever, Mary
Bailey, Ella
Burton, Mrs. Clarence
Celeste, Belle
Cerito, Mlle.
Carle, Mad. E.
Chapman, Ella
Childs, Annie
Coleridge, Blanche (2)
Campbell, Ida
Clifton, Mrs. Maude
Casselli, Mrs.
Carleton, Erena
Do Jonz, Miss M.
Devere, Mrs. L. 6c.
D'Este, Hettie
De Brent, Amy (2) 3c.
De Wells, Kittie
Davenport, Minnie
Dorr, Mrs. Fannie
Dixon, Mrs. Fannie Price Co.)
Devan, Jessie
Davenport, Mrs. Fannie
Dramm, Cora
Brown, Ben
Burton, J. (of Burton Bros.)
Barclay, F. (equestrian)
Boone, Edgar D.
Bruce, Jr., A. A.
Baldwin, J. G.
Baldwin, Ed. (gymnast)
Blakeney, J. H.
Barker, Harry
Barnum, Hy. (manager)
Barbee, H. C.
Bidwell, David (manager)
Burton, Clar. (with Washburn)
Bell, W. H.
"Bell Manager" (2)
Benedict, J. C.
Benton, A. W.
Brown, J. R. 9c.
Baker, Dick (detective)
Bailey, Mr. (of Bailey & Cir.) 3c.
Bier, S. S.
Burton, Geo. H.
Buell, E. C.
Brown, John
Bartlett, Jas. J.
Bullock, T. R.
Breyer, T.
Berry Bros.
Bowman, Geo. B. 5c.
Beatty, Geo. (agent)
Bogan, Jno.
Chrisse, F. E.
Crispini, U.
Converse, Frank B.
Crane, E. Mills
Crofut, E.
Cooper, H. (of Col. Pacific Cir.)
Cran, Thos. D.
Cummings, Arthur
Cole, J.
Colwell, Jr., Mich'l
Carter, J. Heneage
Clapham, (manager)
Copaugh, C.
Cassim, Jas.
Cobb, Sam (of Donavan Bros.)
Clarke, H. G.
Chormann, Chas.
Cobb, C. F.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Coburn, F. F.
Cambridge, Arthur G. (2)
Carroll, Frank (vocalist)
Cross, Jno. Jas.
Crist, A. C.
Clark, Prof. Jas. G.
Cowell, B. S.
Cooke, Louis E.
Cisco, Geo. N.
Carter, C.
Courtright, Wm. (2)
Charles, Sam (of Zanesville Co.)
Cavana, Lew
Chapman, Geo.
Cavanagh, Wm. B. 10c.
Cruez, Charlie 6c.
Cooke, Jas. (Pres. E. B. A.)
Connell, Chas. M. (manager)
Charles, S. (of F. B. Price Comb.)
Dorsey, Jno. B.
Denier, Jno. Brun, Hugo
Davis, J. Chas.
De Haven, Claude (3)
Daniels, S. A.
Dixon, Al. (song-and-dance)
Drake, Don Carlos
Devereil, Thos. R.
Davies, Jas.
Dunning, Chas.
Day, Frank
Donaldson, Chas. (shew "biz")
Dannemann, F.
Dutcher, Chas.
Dumont, Frank
De Vernon, Frank
Dobson, Frank B. (2)
Dolan, Jas.
Duffy, Ed. S.
Dunbar, E. C.
Diamond, Jere
Davis, Charles or Arthur
Dan
Emerson, Billy
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Eastern & Western
Edwards, Fred
France, Shurley H.
Forbes, Chas. E. (musician)
Fitkins, Mr. (agent)
Forepaugh, Adam (3)
Fisher, H.
Fowler, Thos. B.
Fridd, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Fox, Wm. (Dutch "biz")
Fox, Jas. (of Barnum's Circus)
Forrester, G. W. (2)
Forrest, C. D.
Fisher, Harry (violinist)
Farren, T. J.
Fox & Ward
Ferdinando, Mons.
Francis, Sig. (magician)
Freeman, Jas. H.
Forrest, Chas.
Fitzgymnast (2)
Griffin & Rice
Gray, Mark C.
Gardner, Harry (minstrel)
Glencoe, J. M.
Gilmore, J. W.
Gardner, Charlie (minstrel)
Great East. Circus,
Gleason, Chas.
Gorman, W. B.
Gourlays, The
Gerry, D. S.
Hellawell, Jno.
Hermann, Dr. M.
Hamilton, Theo.
Hirschfield, Mr.
Howard, J. B.
Hanlon, P. T.
Hooper, Geo. H.
Hooper, Geo. H.
Hewett, Daniels (with Howe's Circus)
Healy, Dr. Jno.
Howe's London Circus
Henry, Will (musician) (2)
Harris, Frank
Hasse, Lena
Howe, Mr. (circus prop.)
Hicks, Chas. B.
Howe, J. Frank
Haller, E. C.
Harrison, F. (with Healy & Cotton's "biz" (side-show "biz")
Howard, Frank (2)
Harris, F. (sideshow "biz")
Hewett, Frank (2)
Harris, W. (of Harris & Carroll)
Howard, Chas.
Hall, Chas. H.
Hermann, Prof. A.
Hewell, Frank
Jacobs, Prof. (musician)
Johnson, Burt
Jahnoff Bros.)
Jarvis, P. L.
Kiddler, E. E.
Keating, M. (vocalist)
Keyes, D. A.
Kaye, Billy (comedian)
Knapp, Saml. L.
Lawrence, Jas.
Leyser, Leo
Lavake, W. K. (3)
Leotard, Wm. (gymnast)
Lodge, Prof.
Langrishe, J. S.
Lusbie, Ben
Levick, Mines
Lester, Harry C.
Lewis, Mina. (acrobatic artist)
Lang, Joe
LeClair Bros. (gymnasts)
Lamont, Albert & Jennie
Lovelock, Master (banjoist) (2).
Lavarnie, Frank
Le Clair, Shed
Little, Dick (banjoist)
Lent, L. B.
Leopar, Clifford (gymnast)
Marble, Jno. A.
Moore, Geo. F.
McCracken, Wm.
Mack, Jno. E.
Maeder, Frank C.
Moran, J. T.
Mole, Jno. A. "Manager Show"
Mackey, Jas. W.
Mason, Jno.
Murray, Ed.
Manning, Mr. (minstrel)
McHale, Frank
McHale, Charles (agent)
McLaughlin, Jas. (detective)
Mulford, Jno. H. (circus) (2)
Marsden, Fred
Mack, Thos.
Maginly, Benj. M. (6)
McDonald, Harry
Murday, (minstrel)
Mack, Saml. (minstrel)
Mack, Wm. (2)
Masaroo, Geo.
Menter, A. E.
Maccabe, Fred
Maxwell, Geo.
Miller, Frank (with McEvoy)
McEvoy, T. E.
Maynard, Tommy
Mallion, Frank
Manager (4)
Marlin, A. W.
Masters, Jno. E.
Morgan, Ed. (treasurer)
McClellan, Wm.
Mullaly, W. S.
Mouse, J. T.
Nibinger, Otto (pianist) (2)
Noyes, Frank
Nicholls, Adolph
Neary, Fidler
O'Brien, Jno. C.
Olney, George (musician)
Older, A.
O'Reardon, M. (2)
O'Lyon, Bryan
Orrin, Geo. (2)
Ottinger, Geo. (pianist)
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Phillips, Wm. F.
Pritchard, Spencer (comedian)
Potter, C. A. (2)
Potter, B. S.
Pratt, Jno. A.
Pennington, Thos.
Prindle, Johnny (comedian)
Palmer, C. C.
Price, Wally
Pulman Bros.
Quin, Bernard
Rother, Hugh (2)
Robinson, H. (minstrel)
Reynolds, C. (of Reynolds Bros.)
Robinson, Max
Rubini, F.
Rourke, F. J.
Rought, Al.
Rehwaldt, Thos. G.
Robinson, Jas. Kee
Rabold, Julian
Reeves, Wm.
Rice, Col. Dan
Rinehart, Geo.
Rainford, Charlotte
Rubini, Mad. Lizzie
Rainford, Alice
Reynolds, Belle (comedienne)
Shay, Dollie
Sharp, Kittie Fritz 3c.
Smith, Mary
Selwyn, Blanche
Shaw, Mrs. Fred T.
St. Audley, Rose
St. John, Nellie
Stanley, Maude (of Mlle. Minne)
Turnour, Jennie 6c.
Wilson, Mrs. R. A.
Wiggie, Maggie
Wharton, Emma
Watson, Rose
Wittman, Mrs. (of B. Darling Co.)
Wyndham, Mrs. Fannie C.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Nicholls, Prof.
Ohler, Jno. F.
Pastor, Tony
Pelham, Chas. H.
Pelham, Geo.
Pelham, Jno. H.
Pelham, Wm. H.
Pelham, Jno. H.
Pelham, Wm. H.
Pelham, Jno. H.
Pelham, Wm. H

MANAGER H. J. SARGENT of the Athenæum, Columbus, O., devoted the week commencing Dec. 14 to entertainments for the benefit of the poor of that city, giving away one hundred dollars nightly to the audience, and half of the remaining receipts to the Committee of Police for the poor fund. Nannie Commissioners of Police for the poor fund. Nannie Sargent has been the attraction during the week, appearing as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," which was followed by "Frou-Frou" and "The Hidden Hand." Sam Devere failed to put in an appearance as per engagement. Henrietta Chanfrau at the Athenæum, Dec. 21.....Lawrence Barrett appeared to fair business at Comstock's Opera-house, Dec. 14, 15, in "Richelieu" and "Shylock." Fechter followed 16th in "Hamlet." He had excellent support in Miss Lizzie Price, an attractive feature, and Manager Macauley's company from Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. J. K. Emmett appeardat the Opera-house 18th in "Fritz," his first appearance in Columbus, and 19th, and Toole for the 21st and Jan. 1. Correspondence dated Dec. 18.

DOMINICK MURRAY closed a fairly successful week's engagement at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., on Dec. 19. He opened on the 14th in "Willie Reilly," which ran until the 18th, when "Innocent, a new drama, was produced, and with which he concluded his engagement. Mr. Murray is a very clever Irish comedian, and quite a Trojan favorite. He was exceedingly well supported by the stock company during his stay. "The Two Orphans" will be brought out by the stock 21st, and will continue the attraction for the week. The play has been localized by the introduction of local scenery. Letter dated Dec. 19.

"RIP VAN WINKLE" as impersonated by Robt. McWade is well known. He was greeted by two fair houses on Dec. 14 and 15, at Detroit, Mich.....Kate Randolph gives three evenings there in the legitimate, supported by E. M. Gardiner's company, Dec. 21, 22, 23.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY, Lillian Conway and Frank Roche were the attractions at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., last week. "Led Astray" was produced on Dec. 14, and ran until the 18th, when "As You Like It" was played, with Mrs. Conway as Rosalind, Lillian Conway as Celia, Frank Roche as Orlando, and J. Clinton Hall as Jacques. The engagement closed 19th, "Lucretia Borgia" being the play. Leffingwell opens on the 21st in "The Victim of Circumstances" and "Romeo Jaffer Jenkins."

THE AGNES WALKE-VILLA TROUPE closed a short season at St. Catherine's, Ont., Dec. 19, and open at Clifton 21, thence to Brockport, N. Y., and through the Eastern States.

DR. S. M. LANDIS, whose address find elsewhere, wants a competent manager to take the road and assist him in producing his drama of "The Social War of 1900."

J. R. HEALY, leading or heavies, Mrs. J. R. Healy, old women, and a child actress aged seven years, can be engaged. address as per advertisement.

OUR PITTSBURG, Pa., correspondence to Dec. 18 is as follows: "Joseph Jefferson appeared at the Opera-house on the 14th inst., in the play of 'Rip Van Winkle,' and the piece has attracted large audiences all the week. He is well supported by Mrs. Effie Ellsler as Gretchen, Mr. M. F. Owen as Derrick von Beckman, Mr. A. J. Hicks as Jacob Cockle, Mr. S. S. Hicks as Nicholas Vedder, Master Julian Reed as Little Hendrick, and Miss Naylor as Little Meenie in the first act, and in the third act Hendrick Vedder, Seth, Meenie and Gretchen were carefully acted by Messrs. Edwin Price, B. R. Graham, Miss Katie Baker and Miss Emily Delano, respectively. The piece was handsomely mounted. 'The Virginian,' with Mr. Frank E. Aiken as Van, will be the attraction next (this) week. Mr. Harry Langdon has been secured as leading man for this establishment for the rest of the season. Religious services have been conducted on this house on several Sunday evenings to a jammed attendance.....'Jack Harkaway,' with Hernandez Foster as the star attraction, will be produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Dec. 21, and every evening during the week. Mr. Foster will be supported by a portion of the Opera-house company.....Marietta Ravel commences a week's engagement at the Academy of Music on the 21st. Dramatic entertainments at three houses, minstrelsy performance at another, panorama at another, and three variety shows are some of the amusements inviting the attention of Pittsburgers on Christmas-week."

OLIVE LOGAN appears at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, 1875, in a new version of "Surf," reconstructed and rewritten by Mr. Wirt Sikes, who has written largely for the stage, though hitherto anonymously.

JOHN JACK is referred to John L. Sanford's advertisement.

EVERETT REEVE and Miss Adelaide Stanhope are to act in Memphis, Tenn., this week.

J. B. BROWNE, who has returned from the West, has been engaged for leading business at the theatre in Worcester, Mass.

FROM CHICAGO, Ill., under date of Dec. 19, our correspondent sends the appended report of amusements:

The dramatic event of the present week has been the opening of the New Museum and the appearance of John W. Blaisdell's Comedy Company in Brougham's five-act comedy of "Romance and Reality"—not a new play, by the way. The preparations which have been going on were barely finished in time for the opening, which was a pronounced success in every way. The stage had been refitted with new and appropriate scenery, and the auditorium had been tastefully decorated with evergreens. Page's orchestra had played the expectant patrons into the house, and the usually early eight o'clock on the part of the largest and most fashionable audience ever in the house. This excellent patronage was due to the excellent reputation which the artists and the judicious advertising of the new place had been advertised. It being the opening night of a practically new institution in Chicago, the cast of characters for the comedy is appended: Jack Swift, John Dillon; Asger Manly, Russel Bogge; Oliver Manly, E. H. Stephens; Frank Meredith, J. Webster; Lavender Kydd, W. R. Murray; Tom Badger, S. R. Reed; Williams, H. Little; Rosabel, Miss Mary Myers; Mary Manly, Mrs. Wilson Binney; Miss Nellie McHenry; Betty, Mrs. Ed. Wilson. The return to the stage of Mrs. Mary Myers was an event in the history of our local stage. Upon her appearance the applause was so long and loud that the business of the play had to be discontinued for the time being, and during the rapture Mrs. Myers was handed a beautiful floral offering by the Madame Modjeska Binder of the house. For many years a purely professional one, Mrs. Myers is to be congratulated upon the extreme favor with which she is regarded by the good people of Chicago. Miss Nellie McHenry is a clever portrayer of the ruder sort of chambermaids, was also pleasantly welcomed. Mrs. Watson, who played Barbara, seemed out of her element and was evidently suffering from a severe cold in the head. Mrs. Wilson did the little required of her as Betty very acceptably. John Dillon's appearance upon the new stage was the occasion for a genuine storm of applause, showing that he was the same favorite as of yore. He was as funny and eccentric as need be, and created any amount of fun. Mr. Soggs, who is one of the best old men in the business, and Mr. Stephens, who can be said to rank quite so high, were very amusing as the intriguing brothers Manly. John Webster made a very good Meredith, Master Murray as Lavender Kydd was very natural, to be commended, though the part is one which carries nothing in its lines. Messrs Reed and Little in the minor characters were quite up the mark, and, summing up the entire cast, it was excellent. The comedy will hold the boards until Friday night, when "Peep o' Day Boys" will supersede it, and Blaisdell will make his bow in the new piece. "Double Wedding" for the week to be presented. F. L. Keller is the stage-manager. Under the immediate supervision of Capt. Dickey the museum department is now in good order, and the place bids fair to take rank with Col. Wood's old place. Matinees will be given Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on the alternate days Prof. Henry S. Page will discourse grand concerts in the large hall with his military band. There are still a few novelties to be placed in the museum, but the collection at present is in every respect interesting and creditable.....Haverly's Colored Minstrels pack the Academy of Music this week, and the magnet is Tony Denier and his double pantomime company. Tony has always been a favorite in Chicago, and the capabilities of Mr. Denier in his peculiar line are familiar already to THE CLIPPER patrons, so he needs no further praise, and the same may be said of Sloan and Mallin. Miss Ella Wren, a pretty Chicago Columbine, and the quartet work together like machinery. The specialty acts of the Siegrists, Phil Heath, and Pat Rooney are quite good and the show we have here, and the company and vocalisms of Miss Josie Granger win for her several encores. Tony has divided the week between representations of "Humpty D." and "Cinder and Peasnatch." Dec 21 Aimee and her corps commence a season. A portion of Mr. Gardner's regular company have gone on a provincial tour, supporting the light comedian in Murdock's "Widow Hunt." On Dec. 28 company will play "Blow for Blow" at Waukegan, supplemented by "Nature and Philosophy," Mrs. Wm. Crane and Mrs. Lange's first appearance on the stage in the latter piece.....A very enjoyable entertainment has been given this week at Hooley's, where Marsden's society play of "Clouds" has been presented every evening but one (Crane's benefit night). Much has been bestowed upon the production as regards the mounting and cast. Miss Hawthorne's portrayal of the wronged but finally triumphant Belle Gordon was perfect, wounded and pathetically powerful, carrying with ease the interest and sympathy of the audiences. O'Neil as Fred Town appears in a part he is peculiarly fitted for him, and he plays it effective in it. Salsbury as Mr. Wimberly "from Chicago" has had no better opportunity to display his admirable character acting. Mr. Buckley played Ralph in a very quiet and effective manner. Miss Fanny March had ample chance to dress, and she does it extravagantly, and played her part in a fitting manner. Miss Bernard as Eola and Mrs. Vale as Miss Adair were unexceptionable, respectively, as were Mr. Ryer, who plays Mr. Randall, and Miss Gallagher, who appears as Miss Prim. Mr. Crane opened

TERMS:

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

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FRANK QUEEN Editor and Proprietor,

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

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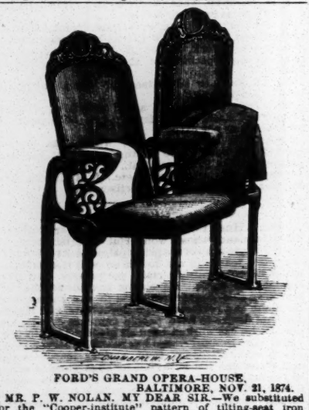

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To Every Purchaser of a Copy of THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874. | VOLUME XXII.—No. 39. Price Ten Cents.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The lights flash out on bright Broadway,
The air is crisp and cold,
The sleigh bells chime with frosted rhyme;
For the Year is growing old,
And the story of the Christmas-time
In many a home is told.

The story, ever sweet and new,
Told of a Saviour's birth,
Whose holy influence o'er music tells—
Peace and good-will on earth!
The heart with gratitude upwells
For gifts of wonderous worth.

Let us listen to the Christmas-bells,
The they in their silvery chime,
Soon shall they tell to knell the soul
Of the departing Year,
Passing away from our control
With visage seamed and sear.

But this night is the Christmas-night—
Whate'er the morrow bring,
Banish dull care, and everywhere
Sweet Christmas-carols sing,
And pluck a feather here and there
From Time's receding wing.

Our hearts are light, make happy hearts
Where'er our footsteps go;
For e'en the poorest on Christmas-time
Strikes out some note of woe;
And if we love Him, in heaven's clime,
We'll find His poor below.

Ah me! I have nor wife nor child,
My friends of youth have fled—
All, all of yore have sought the shore
Whose people are the dead,
And the heart I had has gone before,
Leaving a stone instead.

Well, I will try to do my part
On this the Christmas-day.
A pilgrim form bends to the storm
And totters on the way;
Hast thou no home to keep thee warm,
O pilgrim! old and gray?

Come in! come in! partake my cheer—
Within are warmth and light;
A Christmas-feast is spread for thee,
Thou wanderer of the night;
And in Christian hearts sweet charity
Burns ever warm and bright.

Come in! behold the table spread—
Eat, drink, and merry be;
Be of good cheer, without a fear,
Thy sad heart fill with glee.
The old man helped away a tear
And sadly said to me:

"My aged head no shelter has,"
Be happy! make no moan!
For *I* have wealth (I drink his health),
And am rich indeed,
And all I have of earthly pelf
For this hour is thine own.

I fed and warmed the friendless man,
I led him to the door;
With happy heart I'd done my part,
And what could I do more?
I felt *his* time had come to start,
For Christmas-eve was o'er.

I turned me to my palace home
And breathed an earnest prayer;
The night was chill, I lingered still
Beside the old man's chair.
I felt *I might* have entertained
An angel unawars.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT McARNO.

PART FIRST.—INTRODUCING LUSTRUM'S STAR COMBINATION AND THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

We were sitting together in the parlor of the Eagle Hotel, in the village of Montreith in Northern New York. We were the members of Lustrum's Star Combination. The show-bills set forth that we had each and each distinguished ourselves in the metropolitan theatres, and had won high honors in the histrionic world. A morsel of truth flavored this innocent fiction. At one time or another most of us had lugged superfluous and supernumerary on the boards, or at the flies, in some of the leading New York theatres. Billy Smith, who figured on the bills as Thomas Waterman, "the leading tragedian whose early triumphs at the Bowery Theatre were well remembered by all playgoers," used to shift the scenes for Edwin Forrest in the old days when that strong-limbed actor was mounting Fame's ladder and kicking down those beneath him. That was the extent of his triumph till he joined our Combination. Our "fairy sylph," Mademoiselle Castinetti, whom we announced as the only living rival of Fanny Essler and the favorite child of Terpsichore, was a good honest woman, forty years old, and the mother of four children. She had been engaged in the fairy-sylph business so long that, although the name remained, her proportions were sadly changed, and the growth of her waist was something astonishing for a sylph. We had two or three young fellows in the company who were green to the business—who were not to the manner born—but who made up in ambition what they lacked in ability. Lustrum himself was a veteran manager who had traveled the Northern circuit for a great many years. He had managed a magician in Central Massachusetts, had carried a moral panorama through Vermont, had been the lecturer for a side-show to a circus for three seasons, and had run his Star Combination up and down the line of the Canada frontier, from a time whereof the memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not to the contrary. He was as poor as the rest of us. He illustrated in his person the true maxim of the rolling stone. He had gathered no moss, but he had kept a warm heart and a clear conscience through all his experience. It is more than possible that he had resorted to sundry devices to save the wardrobe of his company from the clutches of unsympathetic landlords, who insisted on having their pay when there was nothing to pay them with; and I suppose that when he died he left some printers' bills unliquidated. But I say his conscience was clear, because he never intentionally defrauded anybody, and he never failed to do a generous act when opportunity offered, in all the years of his long life. Heaven rest his soul! say I, who traveled with him off and on for nearly thirty years.

We were sitting together in the parlor of the Eagle Hotel, and it was the day before Christmas. Business was bad. In fact, business was usually bad with Lustrum's Company, although he always performed as he advertised. I think his modesty interfered with his success. He was content to play in those little villages where the people haven't much money, and where they hold on to what they have as if it were the key to their salvation. And his companies, as a rule, were modest people, notwithstanding they figured so grandly in the showbills. They had mostly been disappointed in their early aspirations, and they had been kicked about so long that they didn't feel like seeking prominent places. I've noticed those things in New York that when a man had fifty dollars in his pocket he would walk down Broadway with an easy swagger; and when he had only fifty cents he would sneak off into some of the side streets just to avoid the crowd. It is something so with acting. Get a man high up on the stage, and no crowds are too big for him. But once break his spirit and empty his purse, and he will haunt the poorest circuits forever after.

I think all the members of our company were drawn together by a common instinct on that afternoon before Christmas. We were pretty much out of money, and the wind was blowing great guns. More than a foot of snow had fallen on the previous night, and it had drifted in a fashion which made travel almost impossible. The prospects of a "house" were gloomy indeed. We were most of us vagabonds, as the world uses the word. We had had no home, save as we made homes for ourselves, from early youth up. For myself, some shadowy recollections of a Christmas before my mother died haunted me. It seemed very long ago, though at the time of which I am writing I was hardly more than thirty years of age. I remember of being tucked up in bed, and of being told that if I were a good boy Santa Claus would bring me a big drum. And then my mother bent over and kissed me. She died before Christmas came again, and from that time to this I have never known what it was to enjoy those home-pleasures which, in happier lives, are linked to the holiday season. I think some similar memories must have cobwebbed the brains of the members of the company—men and women alike—for we were a solemn and silent party that afternoon. I noticed that the young men who had not been brought up to the business were particularly glum. Perhaps they were thinking of the happy and peaceful homes that they left behind them when they started on this wild-goose chase after fame, through the Northern Circuit.

Our reveries were broken by the entrance of the landlord. He was a fat, good-natured man, whose ruddy smile seemed to clear the muddy coffee at the breakfast-table, and whose genial humor compensated for the tough steaks he served to his guests. He looked in upon us with a half-deprecatory, half-patronizing air, and said:

"Mr. Lustrum, there's a girl down-stairs wants to see you; and I'll be hanged if she aint handsomer than a red wagon."

My curiosity was piqued. In virtue of my position as stage-manager in the Star Combination, I resolved to accompany Lustrum. The youngsters also pricked up their ears, and seemed suddenly to have dismissed their remembrances of home. As Lustrum left the room I slipped out after him, and together we descended the stairs.

There in the waiting-room below was a young girl, whose beauty would justify the most extravagant praise ever penned. She had just come in from the open air, and the biting cold had tinged her cheeks with a rare rich red, and given to her deep-gray eyes a sparkle as of diamonds. She was rather above than below the medium height, and though, as I afterwards learned, she was only eighteen, the outline of her figure was beautifully rounded and developed. Her hair, closely coiled about her shapely head and half hidden by her bonnet (it was in the day of bonnets), was of that exquisite neutral tint between yellow and auburn—the hue of Australian gold. She was comfortably clad, and, though she wore no ornaments and gave no evidence of wealth, I was satisfied at the first glance that she had never known what it was to want for the necessaries or the luxuries of life. Lustrum could assume at a moment's notice that heavy managerial air which is so useful in dealing with obstreperous landlords or refractory printers. Such practice had made him perfect in the affected airs of the profession. I, though many years his junior, could also do the heavy dignity business on occasion. Lustrum swung one hand up into the breast of his well-worn black coat, ran his other hand twice through his abundant gray hair, struck an attitude and said:

"Well."

I folded my arms and assumed the look of the melancholy Dane as well as could be expected of a man who was dressed in cheap ready-made clothing. The girl was evidently abashed. But she recovered her self-possession, while, in spite of our bold bearing, Lustrum and I were rapidly losing ours. She spoke:

"Mr. Lustrum, I understand that you are the manager of a theatrical company. I desire to secure an engagement to play. I am familiar with the text of the Lady of Lyons, and I think that I could commit other parts to memory without much difficulty. I stipulate in advance that you shall ask no questions as to my history. I have had no stage experience, and I do not expect to command a large salary. I am willing that you should fix the terms. My name is Eva Ensign."

She spoke with the nervous rapidity of one who has prepared a speech in advance, and has repeated it over to herself many times. She was evidently giving a fictitious name, for it is noticeable that when one pronounces his own name he speaks with a subdued intonation, assuming apparently that it is as familiar to his hearers as it is to himself. But when man or woman offers a bogus name, it is brought out with unnatural distinctness.

Lustrum hesitated. If Charlotte Cushman had offered to play Lady Macbeth for nine dollars a week, he would have hesitated all the same. Not only was the treasury of the Star Combination scuttled on the reef of bankruptcy, but it was getting to be a serious question with the management how the board-bills of the individual stars were to be met if this bad business continued. Traveling expenses also were to be considered, and on that insignificant item of one carfare might depend the life or death of the Combination.

"My dear young lady," said Lustrum uneasily, shifting his position and assuming his most unnatural tones, "the profession which you appear so desirous to enter is no path of roses. The great Garrick, my friend Mr. Forrest, and our own eminent tragedian Waterman, successful as they have been, could bear testimony to the difficulty which environs the road to fame. Your natural gifts of face and figure would give you a certain advantage which might partly compensate for your lack of experience. But even in the case of Peg Woffington, Mrs. Siddons and our own Fairy Sylph, it was discovered that beauty alone was not a passport to success. The fact is, you have chosen an inauspicious time for your debut. The season is shockingly dull—nothing doing in New York or Boston—and our own company, which is unquestionably the best that travels, is hardly paying expenses."

Miss Eva tapped her little foot on the floor. She was evidently impatient at the manager's harangue, but not the least bit frightened.

"Don't you want to engage me?" she asked in a tone which indicated her honest surprise.

All this time I had been standing like a fool in the attitude of Hamlet. I dropped my poorly assumed dignity, and, remembering only that if the beautiful stranger played Pauline I should be cast for Claude Melnotte, I took the answer out of Lustrum's mouth, and said with undue eagerness:

"Yes, we certainly do wish to engage your services, and we hope with your assistance to win a decided success in the field of the legitimate drama."

Lustrum, whose innocent pretensions covered the heart of a hare, yielded without any demur. The fact that he was indebted to me in the sum of fifty dollars, and that I was expected to carry all the leading parts except such as were laid on the broad shoulders of the heavy tragedian, gave me a certain mysterious power over him, and on this occasion I was quick to exercise it.

The girl's delicious eyes thanked me for my friendly intervention, which, after all, was purely selfish.

"Will your wardrobe be delivered here?" asked the manager.

"I have no wardrobe," she answered promptly. "I have twenty dollars in money and a gold watch and chain. I am willing that you should take them as security for any purchases you may be obliged to make on my account."

What did it all mean? She had drawn her glove from her left hand while we talked, and on the forefinger sparkled a diamond of moderate size and great purity. She wore no other ornament. Her watch and her money were carefully inclosed in a little jewel-box, which she handed to Mr. Lustrum. Here was a young girl, exquisitely handsome, showing evidences of refinement, wealth and breeding, coming to a miserable country-inn and seeking an engagement with a company of strolling players, who were fighting against luck as hard as ever overtook our unfortunate tribe.

There was a surprise was not less than mine, but he was resolved to do or die in the attempt to maintain his managerial dignity.

"My dear young lady," he said, "as you are to be one of us hereafter, it is desirable that you should straightway make the acquaintance of the rest of the company. They are assembled in the parlor above. If you will accept my escort——"

She did not take his proffered arm, but she followed him as he led the way; and I brought up the rear.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lustrum to the astonished company as they gazed in admiration on the pretty newcomer, "I have the pleasure of presenting to you Miss Eva Ensign, whom I have engaged to act with the Star Combination. She will assume the title-role in 'The Lady of Lyons' to-morrow evening."

I have no very distinct recollection of what followed. I know she accompanied us to the miserable hall where we played "Don Cæsar de Bazan" to a scanty audience that night. I know I tried my best to make a favorable impression upon her, and experienced a painful sensation of having failed. I know that after I had gone to bed I could not sleep, but tossed uneasily to and fro, dozing at times and dreaming, half awake, that Eva was my wife; and again, imagining that Bulwer's drama was true, and that I was its hero and that she was indeed the Lady of Lyons, and that I had won the fame of Claude Melnotte and had come to claim my own. And while these fain longings and strong desires and wild hopes chased themselves through my mind, the bell of a neighboring church rang out the hour of twelve.

Christmas had come. To the children of the rich and the poor it brought some blessings, great or little. My mind reverted once again to that far-off Christmas-eve when my mother kissed my lips and told me the marvelous story of how the child Jesus was laid in a manger in distant Bethlehem of Judea. Then my thoughts traveled swiftly through the hard days of my boyhood and the wasted years of my manhood, and came back to the fair girl whom I had met that afternoon. Clearly, I was in love. Was Eva the Christmas-gift that Santa Claus had brought me?

PART SECOND.—INTRODUCING AN OLD PLAY AND AN OLDER PASSION; ALSO A MYSTERY.

Christmas-night. All the stars in heaven shone out clearer and brighter than ever, as if to enforce the holy promise of peace on earth and good-will to men.

Lustrum's Star Combination had dared its fortunes in a larger town than it was in the habit of visiting. And the good fates conspired to make that evening a memorable success. The exact quality of our talent was not known to the thrifty people of Watertown. Perhaps that had something to do with the size of our audience. They took us for all in all as they found us upon the playbills, where, as I have hinted, we figured well. Then they wanted some entertainment for Christmas-night, and the sleighing was splendid. These facts account for the crowd which greeted us, for none of our patrons could have known anything about the entertainment which was in store for them.

We had announced "The Drunkard." It was in the early days of that now antiquated domestic drama, and it was Lustrum's notion that something that appealed to the morals of the community was appropriate to the Christmas season. His character was sewed up with a thread of New England Puritanism, and he would not have tolerated a pantomime at such a time.

He came before the dingy curtain when the audience was assembled and announced that it afforded him great pleasure to say that negotiations which had been pending for some time with the most distinguished actress on the London boards were now unexpectedly brought to a successful termination, and he would have the honor of presenting, in lieu of the drama advertised, Bulwer's thrilling play "The Lady of Lyons," with the gifted and beautiful English artiste Miss Eva Ensign in the character of Pauline, supported by that well-known and popular favorite Stoddard Montgomery (which is my stage-name) in the character of Claude Melnotte, "in which part," added the smooth-spoken manager, "he stands confessedly without a rival on the American stage."

Lustrum's remarks were received with applause, for it is characteristic of an American audience always to applaud a speech, no matter what it is or how. I think most of them were disappointed at the change in the programme, notwithstanding their demonstrations of approval, for they had counted on "The Drunkard."

During the afternoon we had found time for a skeleton rehearsal—sufficient to convince me that Eva was abundantly qualified to fulfill her part of the play satisfactorily. We had been forced to double up some of the characters and omit others altogether, that the play might be brought within the scope of our company. In this emasculated form the text was beautiful enough. We were wretchedly deficient in scenery, and our "elegant wardrobes" were flimsy and faded and sere. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, I am convinced that "The Lady of Lyons" was an agreeable surprise to all that witnessed it on that night. Our new star showed no signs of stage-fright. Her remarkable beauty gave to the wild devotion of Claude a realism which it does not usually possess. Before the third act was reached I was more madly in love with my superb heroine than ever the gardener's son was with the fair daughter of the Lyons merchant. Her voice was as clear and musical as a silver bell. Her intonation was unaffected and pure. Her acting was the perfection of grace. Her knowledge of the play was greater than mine. After it was all over, and we had left the audience in a fine state of enthusiasm, I approached her and said:

"Permit me, Miss Ensign, to congratulate you on your very remarkable success."

I held out my hand awkwardly, fully appreciating how stiff and commonplace my words sounded. Given Bulwer's text, I could pour out my passion with the best of them, but when left to myself the girl who had filled me with the first strong impulse of love, I seemed as clownish as any country lout.

She laid the palm of her pretty little white hand in mine for a single moment, and lifted her great gray eyes to mine, and said with a half-quizzical air:

"How do you wish me to open during the stage as my profession? Shall I succeed?"

"Your success is already assured," I answered. "But surely this is not your first appearance? No debutante ever played as you play. Tell me where you learned to act."

"I learned to act in the field of actual experience," she answered. "What is the story of Pauline's life? Hope, ambition, pride, disappointment, malice, revenge, and, finally, love conquering all. But," she added quickly, "the one condition on which I accepted an engagement here was that no questions should be asked in regard to my history. I am sure you will observe that condition."

Her request was enough. I was aflame with curiosity, and I was hot and cold with the chills and fever of love, but I held my tongue. It would have been wicked to speak when she commanded silence.

* * * * * * * * *

It was the eve of the New Year. We were sitting alone in the parlor of the hotel—Eva and I. I thought of her by that pretty Christian name from the very first, though I never thought of addressing her otherwise than as Miss Ensign. She was in a reverie. I tried to recall her thoughts, which I knew were wandering far from me, by an awkward lurch into the sea of business.

"Do you know that your engagement is pronounced a great success?" I asked.

"My engagement?" She looked up with a startled air, and all the color left her face. She recovered herself in an instant, and said with forced gayety:

"Oh, you mean my connection with the Star Combination."

"Yes. Before you came, poor Lustrum was on the brink of bankruptcy—which has come to be a sort of chronic condition with him. But ever since your first appearance you have had no difficulty in filling houses. These honest people must carry your fame across country faster than our company can travel; for this morning at the railroad station twenty lusty fellows had gathered on purpose to see you."

"Were they there for that?" she asked with a great show of indignation, and blushing like a rose. But she could not conceal her pleasure at this pointed compliment from unknown admirers. She added after a little:

"This is a strange life."

"And a new life to you, and not a congenial one," I said quickly.

"A new life, certainly. But I like it much better than I thought I should. You have all been very kind to me. During this whole week" (she spoke as if it were an age, and my hopes accordingly sank to zero), "I have been treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by the whole company. Why, on that very first night when we played in W——, Mr. Lustrum returned my watch and my money, and told me that I could fix my own salary."

"And did you fix it?"

"Yes," she answered gayly. "I am a famous manager, when it comes to money matters."

"May I make so bold as to inquire what sum you are to receive?"

"Twenty dollars a week. Only think of it. I earn it all myself. And I never earned a penny in my life before. Isn't it nice?"

She looked up at me as she spoke. Her sweet, red lips were parted, revealing two rows of small teeth, pearly white. She sat so near to me that if I had reached out I might have seized her hand—the plump little hand that lay coyly hidden in the folds of her demure gray dress. I was mad at the moment—intoxicated with the wine of love. Such radiant beauty, such exquisite self-command, such tender, womanly magnetism—could any *mortal* play Claude to this Pauline for a week, and not worship the very ground on which she trod?

"Miss Ensign—Eva!" I cried passionately.

"Mr. Montgomery!"

That was all. She slew me with a glance. She knew what was coming, and she had risen at the first sign of danger and stood before me majestic, grand, repentful, but not scornful. I writhed now after all the lapse of years as I remembered truthfully, as God is my judge. A tender mist filled her eyes. She could not take the poor gift that I offered her—a miserable actor's love. But she saved me the humiliation of a downright refusal. Her quick mind divined my purpose, and kindly, almost tenderly, by simply pronouncing my name she silenced me and almost broke my heart. A moment later she glided quietly from the room. I did not seek to stay her. I stood half dazed, wondering less at my summary rejection than at my presumption in daring to address her.

We played together that night—the old play, "The Lady of Lyons." For once I interpreted the best of England's modern dramatists correctly. Every shade of thought, every revulsion of feeling, every tumult of passion, which Bulwer pictures in the career of Claude Melnotte filled my soul and possessed my being. On that night I acted the pains and pleasures of genius. I was inspired so that I did not hear the applause of the audience, nor see the uplifted faces before me, nor appreciate that I was only a member of a vagabond company strolling through the Northern Circuit. Through all the play I was speaking only to her—to her whose great gray eyes looked up at me more than once in surprise, almost in admiration.

We parted at the door of the hall that night, and I never saw her again. The mystery attending her disappearance was never solved. The landlord knew that she had risen in the morning and had gone out alone. The agent at the railway station had sold her a ticket to Albany. He thought that a gentleman had met her at the cars, but of this he was not certain. So ended the one romance of my life—a poor, sorry little romance, almost incoherent, and yet so closely linked in my mind to this Christmas season that I cannot let the day pass without telling it.

PART THIRD.—BEING THE STORY AS TOLD BY THE LADY HERSELF, WHEREIN THE MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED.

I will tell you how I came to adopt the name of Eva Ensign, and to act with a dramatic company for one week. My real name, before my marriage, was Edith Ericson. In adopting a stage-name I was guided by the alliteration, and by a desire to come as near to my own name as I could without endangering my discovery. Besides, I used to wish, when I was a little girl, that my name was Eva instead of Edith.

I suppose I was good-looking at the time when this one romantic episode of my life occurred. People talked a good deal about my beauty, although I used to stand often in front of my mirror and make faces at myself, and wish that my hair and eyes were black, and wonder if the flatterers were in earnest when they called me handsome. And I suppose they were, for I received a great deal of attention, and was said to be a favorite in society. Perhaps this was because my father was reputed to be so rich. We lived in elegant style on Lexington avenue. My own mother died when I was a baby, and twelve years later my father married again. I think my stepmother always meant to treat me well, but she was a foolish, extravagant woman, excessively vain, and inordinately fond of admiration. She seemed to feel that it was her duty to marry me off as early as possible; and the worst of it was, she never consulted me at all in the matter. She was a good deal younger than my father, and she exercised great influence over him.

When I first met Charley Appleton I was hardly sixteen years old. He is my husband now, and I can talk about him as I please. I was a school-girl when we became acquainted, and he was a clerk in a bank downtown. I am half ashamed to confess it even now, but before we were introduced we used to carry on a little flirtation. All of us girls at Madame Ponsi's French and English Classical School were excessively romantic, and we were given to boasting of our beaux—even when we had to draw them out of our imaginations. So one Spring morning, when I found a tall, handsome young man, with big black eyes and a little curly moustache, gazing at me, I could not look half so much offended as I wanted to, and I went to school all in a flutter, and told the girls I guessed I had made a conquest. Then I described him as best I could (for I had only seen him out of the corner of my eye), and that spiteful Nell Southworth said he was probably a gambler or a negro-minstrel. "Or a soap-boiler," I added, in high wrath; and that vexed her, for everybody knew what *her* father's trade was. The next morning my admirer was on the same corner at the same time, and he had the impudence to follow me (at a respectful distance) way down to Fourteenth street, and some of the girls caught a glimpse of him; and Mary Morse, who knew everybody, said it was Charley Appleton. The Appletons were a very old family, and they had always lived in the best society, but they were poor. After that, in our interesting school-conversations, I always insisted that *I* never would marry a man who was not able to earn his own living.

I know that all this is of no interest to the reader, but I am so accustomed to writing that I must be permitted to tell my story in my own way. Charley had a maiden aunt, who had known my mother, and had been very good to me when I was a little girl, and I suddenly remembered that I had not been to see her for a great many months, and I became really ashamed of my neglect; and so about the time I am writing of I called on her. She was always glad to see me, and on this occasion she welcomed me very warmly, and we had a nice visit, talking over old times. It was my privilege to call her auntie, and finally I said:

"Auntie, do you remember the tin savings-bank you gave me once, and how I broke it open to give the money to a poor little monkey that came around with a hand-organ-grinder?"

"Yes, Puss. And I loved you all the better for the tender heart which moved you to that generous deed."

"But I did not prove myself a very good banker, did I, auntie?"

"No, child; you illustrated the folly of your sex generally when it is a question between sympathy and money."

"But men make good bankers." Then I added with a flutter: "You have a nephew who is a banker, I believe?"

"No," she answered; "Charley is a clerk in a bank, and he is the only one of the family who is in that line of business at all."

"That was what I meant," said I, with cheeks aflame; for, although I had carefully planned this little subterfuge about the tin savings-bank for the purpose of leading up to the subject that was foremost in my mind, I was a good deal taken aback when she actually mentioned Charley's name. But good Miss Appleton only thought of me as a child, and she quickly fell to sounding the praises of her beloved nephew. He was such a good boy, she said; he was devotedly attached to his mother, and he was free from all the vices which usually beset young men, and he hadn't any foolish notions about girls in his head. I was glad to hear all this, particularly that last part; for if I was to have a lover, I wanted to be his first and only lover.

"Does he come here often?" I asked timidly.

"Oh, yes. He drops in every few evenings on his way up-town."

I have forgotten what we talked about after that, but I remember of wanting Aunt Appleton's advice on some embroidery, and calling there again—and then again—and one afternoon I came plump against Charley, who had come, like a dutiful nephew, to visit his aunt. Now, you must not think that I did all the courting; for after that first interview I was very shy of my lover, and every day he grew more marked in his attentions. I was not "out" in society, of course, for I was nothing but a school-girl; but we girls had parties among ourselves, and at somebody's suggestion we got up a series of amateur theatricals. Nothing would do but we must play "The Lady of Lyons;" and as I had shown some talent, the role of Pauline was given to me. It was understood that the brothers of the girls were to assume the masculine characters; but as I hadn't any brother, and as it was difficult to find anyone to play Claude Melnotte, why, Charley Appleton kindly consented to make his first (and last) appearance on the amateur stage.

If I had studied my lessons half so hard as I studied Pauline, I might have been a very good scholar—which I never was. The play was acted at Jennie Wentham's, whose father had a little private theatre attached to his house. As I looked at myself in the glass before I went down to the improvised green-room, I am afraid I was vain of my appearance. My dress of light-blue satin was cut low in the neck, and was trimmed with some rich old lace that had belonged to my mother, and was very precious, but was so yellowish by age that it made a pretty contrast to my bare shoulders, which looked to be of almost snowy whiteness in the gaslight. My arms were very full and round for a girl of my age, and my figure was good. I wore around my neck a string of pearls that had been in the family for a hundred years. My abundant hair, fresh from the manipulations of a French dressing-maid, hung in careless curls to my waist. To be frank with you, I was proud of my appearance, and my pride heightened the color on my cheeks and improved my looks.

They showered me with compliments that evening, and told me that I was a born actress; and Charley showered the plaudits, for he was just perfect in the character of Claude. But after the play was over, it happened somehow that we two found ourselves alone in one of the little dressing-rooms, and almost before I knew what he was doing his arms were about me, and he had drawn me to him in a passionate embrace, saying:

"Edith, my beautiful darling! I love you with all my heart and soul, and I want you for my own true wife. Let us make the closing scene of this play the reality of our lives. As we have pledged ourselves in acting, let us pledge ourselves in earnest to each other forever and ever. Kiss me, darling!"

I was a little frightened at first, and I made an effort to get away from him; but he was so impetuous and strong that I was helpless in his arms. I knew then, as I know now, that I loved him with all my heart; and so, when he kissed me, I could not resist him at all:

"And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

We kept our engagement a secret, because Charley was so poor and I was so young. After I had left school and made my debut in society, he was fierce to make it known, and to seek my father's consent to our marriage. But I knew, from certain ominous hints that my father had dropped, that he would never permit me to wed a poor man, and I was certain that, if he understood the relations existing between Charley and me, he would not only refuse to sanction our betrothal, but would exercise his utmost power to separate us permanently. So I insisted on secrecy.

In the month of June, in this year of which I am writing, Charley was sent to Europe to negotiate some bonds—I believe that is what they call it—for his bank. He came to see me before he sailed. As I looked out over the dreary waste of the future, it seemed to me that the months were ages. We parted with mutual vows of constancy and protestations of love. He gave me a diamond engagement-ring (he had worked hard for the money, poor fellow), but it was agreed that I should not wear it till he came back. He was to write to me in care of his aunt, who was the only person who knew our secret.

* * * * * * * * *

I was told, one November evening, that my father wished to see me in the library. My heart was in my throat as I entered the room, for I was afraid that he had discovered my engagement.

He had not been home to dinner, and I was startled when I saw him. His face was very pale, and there was a troubled, almost wild look in his eyes, such as I had never seen before.

"Edith," he said in a voice that trembled, "I am in great trouble. I stand to-day on the verge of bankruptcy. Last Summer I embarked in a railroad enterprise which promised large returns. But all my plans have gone wrong, and to-morrow, unless I can raise fifty thousand dollars, I shall be a ruined man."

I was so ignorant of money matters that I hardly knew what to say. I did not dread poverty (perhaps because I never had felt it), but I sympathized with my father.

"Will not some of your friends lend you the money?" I asked at a venture.

His face brightened for a moment as he answered:

"Mr. McKenzie will be here to-night, and it is possible that he will advance the money, though I have no security to offer him, for I have already mortgaged everything I possess."

It was my turn to tremble now. This Mr. McKenzie was a Scotch widower—ugly-looking man, immensely rich and immensely selfish. Rumor said that he had driven his first wife to her grave by his cruelty. He had been to the house a good many times of late, and my stepmother had been throwing out hints that I ought to set my cap for him. He had disgusted me with some of his odious attempts at flattery.

Before I could speak, the servant announced "Mr. McKenzie." I was about to leave the room, when my father said:

"Do not go, Edith. I have something further to say to you."

Mr. McKenzie bustled into the room with that brisk business air which seemed to advertise his millions.

"Mon alive!" he said abruptly, "ye are as pale as death. An' the lovely lassie herself looks awry. Cheer up, mon. Ye shall have the money, never fear."

He spoke in a loud, uncultured voice, and rubbed his hands, and seemed to think that he would overcome us with the extent of his generosity. My father was visibly affected. He rose up, and grasped his visitor's hand and said:

"God bless you, Aleck McKenzie! How shall I thank you for this noble offer?"

"Give me your daughter to wife."

The Scotchman turned his small, shrewd eyes lovingly upon me. My face burned with mingled shame and indignation, and I precipitately fled from the room. I reached my own apartment, flung myself passionately upon the bed, and burst into tears.

My pen refuses to picture the agony I suffered that night, and through many subsequent days. My father besought me to accept McKenzie, that I might save him from irretrievable ruin. My stepmother berated me on my ingratitude, and attempted to cajole me into compliance by wicked hints about marriages of convenience, which did not prevent one from seeking love elsewhere. I resisted all entreaties, threats and cajoleries. I placed my engagement ring on my finger and told them of my love for Charley. They would not listen to it. McKenzie haunted the house, and, coming upon me suddenly in the parlor one day, he laid his great red hands on my shoulders and attempted to kiss me. I flung him off as if he had been a viper. As I darted from the room I heard him hiss through his ugly yellow teeth:

"I'll tame you yet, ye pretty tigress, and I'll teach ye manners too."

Charley was coming home the last of December, and it was now the first. Oh! how dreary the days seemed, and how I longed to have him come and take me in his arms and make me his wife.

On the fifth of December my father said to me:

"Edith, I have positively resolved to reason with you. I now purpose to exercise my authority. One of the richest and most generous of men seeks you for his wife. You obstinately refuse to listen to him. Now, hear me. On Christmas-eve you are to be married to Alexander McKenzie."

My father's face was very sharply drawn. There was no mercy in his eyes; or, rather, mercy and all the finer attributes had been driven out by this miserable fear of financial failure.

"But, father," I pleaded, "I am the affianced wife of Charles Appleton. Would you have your daughter prove false to her pledge?"

"The affianced wife of a beggar," he answered with a sneer. "You proved false to your duty, to yourself, to me, when you entered into this secret engagement. The wretch who stole away your affection lacked the manliness to address me on the subject of his suit. Now let the consequences fall on his own head."

The hot blood burned my cheeks when this cruel taunt against my lover's courage passed my father's lips. I did not dare to trust my voice in answer. I turned and left the room.

That night, in the darkness of my own bed-chamber, I planned and plotted. I did not weep. I felt that I was to be made the victim of a conspiracy—a conspiracy whereby in a free country, in the broad daylight of our civilization, a young girl was to be sold for money. Clearly, it was the right of her who was to suffer most from that foul bargain to thwart her enemies if she could. Before morning my wild plan was matured. I had a school-friend—my senior by several years—who lived in Montreal, and was married to a gentleman of wealth. I would seek the protection of her home. Then a wicked desire to avenge myself on those who had treated me so cruelly filled my soul.

Next morning I professed to yield reluctantly to the will of my father. I seemed to consent to his hateful plan for my marriage. I insisted, however, that I should be left undisturbed for two weeks—above all, that McKenzie should not approach me. Once or twice I was forced to endure the insulting gaze of the man who felt that by the payment of fifty thousand dollars he had secured a mortgage on my body and soul—a mortgage which he meant to foreclose in a few days.

On the afternoon of the 23d of December I left home with the deliberate intention never to return. I confided my plans to no one in the city, not even to Aunt Appleton. But I wrote them out in full, and left the letter where it would reach Charley on his return from Europe. I calculated that he would be in New York early on the 30th of December. I made into a small bundle a few necessary articles of wearing apparel. I wended my way immediately to the depot of the Hudson-river Railroad. Twice I stopped and turned around, fearing that I was followed. The footsteps of a man seemed to be keeping time to my own. I dismissed the fear as an idle delusion, but each moment it returned to me. I entered the car, resolving to pay my fare to the conductor and thus prevent the ticket-agent from identifying me. I was frightened, and yet I was happy at the thought of escaping from the terrible fate which he who should have been my natural protector had prepared for me. The whistle sounded, and the train was soon in motion. My veil was closely drawn, and I turned my face to the window to avoid observation. The night settled dark and heavy on the snow-bound earth. The long train swept swiftly through the sleepy villages above the city; past that solemn pile of stone at Sing Sing where so many unfortunate men and women are expiating their crimes; past the deserted Summer-mansions of the rich and the fishing-cabins of the poor. Across the broad river the scattered lights in farm-houses shone like stars. I was in a new world—a defenseless girl going out a stranger from the home that had sheltered her. Her own happy heart and happy thought sustained me. I was free. I had gained the liberty which I should so gladly resign when my own true lover came to claim me.

"Modom, is this seat taken?"

I started as if a bullet had struck me. Before I lifted my eyes all vestige of color left my face. In that second of time I tried to recover from the shock which that voice had given me. I tried to believe again that it was a delusion. But I looked up, and Aleck McKenzie stood before me. Before I could speak he had settled into a seat by my side.

"Ye thought to 'scape me, eh, lassie?" he said, with a lecherous grin which was simply horrible. "I had been a fool indeed to trust a woman's word. I love you none the less for all your wild tricks; but, once mine, I'll tame ye a bit—mark that."

For a moment I fancied I was in a swoon. Then of a sudden my courage returned. The conductor approached, and I said to him in a voice loud enough to attract attention:

"Sir, this man is insulting me."

Whatever his faults may be, the American railroad-conductor never calls in vain appeal to his gallantry or his honor. This conductor seized McKenzie by the collar and hustled him out of the seat, and listened to that person's unsatisfactory explanation afterwards. An elderly gentleman and his wife who occupied the seat behind me also volunteered their protection. Through their kindness I eluded McKenzie's offensive attentions while we were crossing the river at Albany—it was before the days of the bridge. I had no desire to sleep. McKenzie did not approach me again, but he secured a seat in the front part of the same car at the end. My sole desire now was to escape from him. Morning came, and we were speeding along over the Central Railroad. At Rome I left the cars with a view to taking the train north. McKenzie followed. The snow delayed the train for some hours at a little village near Watertown. During this time my self-constituted jailer fell asleep. I was quick to improve my opportunity. When the train moved off it carried him away, and left me alone with an old station-master at the depot.

The snow was flying fast and furious. I made inquiries as to the location of the nearest hotel. I was told that there was nearly a mile of it. Being ordered on the chance of walking that distance, my eye fell upon a playbill announcing that Lustrum's Star Combination would give an entertainment that evening. Straightway my thoughts went back to the time when I played the Lady of Lyons. How could I disguise myself so as to elude detection before I had time thoroughly, than by assuming the character of an actress? I immediately carried this idea into execution. I secured an engagement with Lustrum's Combination. I wrote to Charley telling him what I had done, and told him that name I was traveling, and where he could find me.

On the morning of the New Year came for me. Without a word to anybody, I left the Combination, and never claimed my pay for my week's acting. That was my wedding-day. Up there in Northern New York, in a miserable village, with no friends or relatives near, we entered into the holy estate of wedlock. And the New Year brought a new life of peace, happiness and unutterable content.

One incident remains to be told. While I was acting the Lady of Lyons with Lustrum's Combination, an actor named Stoddard Montgomery fell in love with me. He played the part of Claude Melnotte. He was a poor man, but a thorough gentleman—delicate in his attentions, manly and true-hearted. I did not discover his secret till the night before I left the company. Till last Christmas-eve I knew nothing of his whereabouts. Chancing then to discover through one of the theatrical journals that he was staying at a hotel in this city—New York—I caused a pretty beadpurse to be left there for him with five twenty-dollar gold pieces in it. And I accompanied it with a scrap of paper on which was written "FROM THE LADY OF LYONS."

PART FOURTH.—IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL WRITER RESUMES HIS PEN, AND THE BLESSING OF HEAVEN IS INVOKED ON THE LADY OF LYONS.

I had finished the foregoing story when a very strange thing happened to me. It was Christmas-

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER SUPPLEMENT, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

"UNCLE SCHNEIDER" ON SANTA CLAUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MARK QUENCHER" PAPERS.

Vonce more der habby Gristmas time,
So jolly bright, am come around;
Vonce more der baby-dolls dhem squeak,
Vonce more der bensy drompets sound.

Vonce more old Mister Sandy Claus
He gits him ready all his vays,
To jently ship der shimbley down
Midout a-making any noise.

Der funny leetle cheer old man,
He shuffs all full his big-sized clothes
Mit all der poogy bresents, while
A grate big shmile vinks on his nose.

Dhere's leetle horses nice and shtuff,
Mit *curled* sweet big vooden tails;
Und leetle ships vat sails on vheels,
Aldough dhey'm got *real* paper sails.

Dhere's heaps of leetle soldier-mens,
Mit guns all glued at "shoulder-arms;"
Und lots of nice green cows und calfs
A-nailed tight on to paste-board farms.

Dhere's lions mit a grate big mont,
Und tooths a-shined vite and red,
Mit bienty reckless vaste of vool
A-pasted on dheir wicious head.

Und now vas come a bundle in
Of Marys mit der Leetle Lamb;
Und dhen a butch of cotton dogs
A-shewin at a rubber ham!

Und dhere's prass gannon, built of vood,
Vich gits shot off midout no noise—
You pull der string und holler "Ba-ng!"
Of course dhem's for der *leetle* boys.

Und lots of leetle babies, too,
Mit pinky cheeks und shtub-tailed nose,
Mit werry solid shinny neck
Und werry shaky legs und toes.

Und real live dogs, made of vhite vool,
Vat barks a werry dogful cry;
Und leetle fiddles bright und red,
Yoost big enough to blay "Shoo Fly!"

Und dhere's der boor old lady vat
Resided in a grate big shoe,
Und vat had such a lot of shilds
Dot plamed uf she knowed vat to do!

Dhere dhey am altogedder glued—
Der shoe mit *yery* gal und boy—
Oh, my! but dot's a pooty bunch
To fill some leetle heart mit joy.

Vell, soon old Sandy am filled up
From his big feets up to his mout—
So jumpin on der first good breeze,
Right on der sleigh he valtzes out.

Und all der night he shkips around
To vhere der *goot* shmall shildrens sheep,
Und dhen right down der shimbley-place
Dis gomic queer old man does creep.

Und qvick he shtuffs der shtockins full,
Dhen sings a leetle song so queer,
Dhen plows a preath of joy all round,
Dhen floats away right on his ear!

ETHEL LEE'S CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JULIAN.

"Will you take it, Miss?"

"Oh, no, I cannot—it is too dear."

"Too dear!" echoed the sharp-featured poulterer, a look of holy horror crossing her wrinkled countenance. "Why, I never heerd on sich a thing! Three dollars for this here fen-pounder? I kin jist tell you, Miss, a good plump turkey like this here un is wuth its weight in gold, if I do say it. There hain't a better fowl than this here un in the hull market."

"Yes, yes; I don't doubt it—but haven't you got a smaller and cheaper one? I've searched all through the market, but in vain—I haven't got three dollars with me."

"No, I haint got no smaller ones; but if you want it, say so, or else go about your business. I haint no time to stand gabbin' here all day for nothin'. Seems to me these here poor folks are more bother than they're wuth."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, but I wanted to get something nice for a sick person. To-morrow is Christmas-day, you know, and even poor people like to enjoy themselves, if ever so little. Good-morning, ma'am."

"Clare out, you sassy hussy! None of your sirs here. Poor folks like to enjoy themselves, do they? S'pose I didn't know that before? Humph!" and the old woman grumbled as she hung up her turkey.

The girl turned away, her cheeks and brow flaming red with mortification. Was it not hard enough to be treated so unkindly, without having to appear so poor and awkward under the sympathetic gaze of the handsome and stylish young gentleman at the opposite stall?

Wrapping her faded shawl around her shivering figure, she hurried onward. The wind had been gradually rising, and flying snow-flakes filled the narrow streets, and whistling dismally among the eaves and chimney-tops.

Poor Ethel! she could not restrain her tears. She had been saving her mite of hard-earned money, denying herself many little comforts, happy in the thought of surprising her invalid mother with some extra delicacy on Christmas-day—and now to be so cruelly disappointed!

"Oh, I must get something nice for my darling mother," she murmured; "but I will not be discouraged—there is plenty of time yet before to-morrow. I will try again."

Edgar Ellerton was making his purchases at the stand immediately opposite that of the cross old huckster, and had heard every word spoken between the two women; and, just as the old Betsey Buttersly had hobbled back to her seat, muttering dismally about "beggars and tramps," he crossed the avenue and said to her:

"I believe you ask three dollars for that turkey—I will take it."

"Yes, sir—dear me, sir, it allers takes a man to make a bargain; he comes right to the p'int. But these here wimmen, they hev sich a time a-hagglin' and jawin' before they can be suited. Now, this here fowl's just dandy, and is one as a young man's family—not very large at first, you know. Be you married, sir?" asked the inquisitive old woman, with an eye to future patronage.

"No—never mind that; I am in a hurry. Here is the money. Count it up, please."

He waived the package, and followed the lead of the direction taken by Ethel.

"Wal, I de-clare! if he haint' a-goin' after that there gal, who seemed so mighty independent jist now. Sassy hussy! I thought she wasn't no better than she ought to be; here she's been with the slick a long time, and that lie about her 'sick person.' Don't believe a word of it. There! he's coiched up to her, sure as I'm a sinner! I'd like to know if he's a-goin' to give her that there three-dollar turkey. Wuthless piece! she knowed what she was about, I'll warrant."

Here Betsey's soliloquy was cut short; another customer stopped to examine her goods, and she gave him her immediate attention.

Meanwhile, Edgar Ellerton strode rapidly after Ethel, who was now at a considerable distance. He had been attracted by her fair, innocent face and lady-like manner; and, though her clothing was poor, her appearance was so neat and prepossessing that he did not feel ashamed to be seen addressing her. How strange it seemed to him, accustomed as he was to meeting with the most brilliant and cultured of society, that he should have become so suddenly interested in a girl, who, despite her lovely features and refined bearing, evidently walked not in the same elevated sphere of life as himself. Yet it was so, and the elegant man of the world was fain to acknowledge the truth to his secret heart.

And now one of those provoking little mishaps, which no one is prepared for, occurred.

He was just within a few paces of the object of his pursuit, when, alas for the dignity of an admiring gallant, a malignant gust of wind came rushing along, accompanied by a cloud of leaves and dust, and with a shriek of triumph carried away his brand-new polished "stovepipe"!

Almost blinded by the sudden gust, he made a wild, desperate grasp at the recreant head-dress, but only in time to feel it whirl off his head; and Ethel, who had also been handled pretty roughly by the gale, became aware that a gentleman's high hat was in danger of being crushed by her feet. She immediately stooped and rescued it, at the same time looking around for the owner thereof.

Right in front of her stood Mr. Ellerton, looking decidedly sheepish and confused. In the struggle with his hat he had not noticed that the paper covering of his bundle had been torn off, and was now sailing rapidly down an adjacent alley; but he became conscious that he cut rather a ridiculous figure, standing as he was, pulling his hair with one hand, while from the other dangled the "three-dollar turkey," which he was clutching frantically by one leg.

In spite of her good-breeding and previous melancholy feelings, Ethel could scarcely repress her risibility; her faint smile proved contagious, and both the young people laughed merrily. Our heroine recovered herself in a moment, and, handing the gentleman's property to him, she said:

"You must excuse me, sir, but it was so funny I really couldn't help laughing."

"Oh, certainly, certainly; I don't doubt that I looked ridiculously enough," and here he paused. How to broach so delicate a subject as that he proposed, he didn't exactly know. Would not this respectable young girl consider it forward, if not positively impertinent, in his asking her to accept his purchase as a present, and from a total stranger?

"Good-morning, sir," said Ethel, and was about to pass onward, when he stopped her by saying:

"Pray, pardon me, miss, if I seem presuming, but I——" He stopped again, blushing like a schoolboy.

Her eyes were turned upon him in silent surprise and inquiry. Another desperate attempt, and he rallied his unusual bashfulness, and spoke boldly:

"What I wish to say is that I chanced to overhear your conversation with the old market-woman, and, believe me, was much shocked at her unkindness, and felt sincere sympathy for you. Your evident disappointment in not securing what you wished for your invalid friend deepened my interest in you; and now, I hope, you will not be angry if I request you to accept this small gift from one who wished you a pleasant holiday, and will not further intrude upon your good nature."

It was now Ethel's turn to color, and her eyes fell in confusion beneath his eager gaze. She didn't know whether to decline or accept the proffered present; his manner was so truthful and respectful that she feared to wound his feelings by refusing, and yet doubted if she ought to receive it. But the thought of her patient, loving mother, and the pleasure which such a dainty bit would give her, caused all objections and uneasiness to vanish, and, extending her hand, she said frankly:

"Thank you, sir, very much, indeed; I will avail myself of your kindness, as wouldn't mind the privation myself, but for my dear, dear mother's sake I can refuse nothing. She is so gentle, so patient, so kind through all her illness, that it is a constant rebuke to me for losing my own cheerfulness. I thank you again and again, sir; and now I must be going. Good-bye."

"Good-bye—I wish you and your mother a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year;" and bowing to her as if she had been a princess of royal blood and might suppress, he left her to her joyful thoughts, and proceeded in an opposite direction.

He had not gone far, however, before he retraced his steps and walked mechanically, at a slower pace, in Ethel's footsteps.

As for Ethel, she was in such a flutter of mingled surprise, pleasure and uncertainty, that she almost ran—so anxious was she to get home again and unfold the marvelous adventure to the attentive ears of her beloved mother.

Along crooked streets, over tumble-down pavements, she went rapidly, until she came to a winding court, and in a moment she had vanished into the arched entrance of an old, shaky-looking tenement-house, which reared its musty brow fully five stories from the ground.

The dirty, ragged, half-frozen-looking children playing in the gutters stared after her in open-mouthed, saucer-eyed amazement; and then went up a Babel of shouts and exclamations:

"Eh! Lee's got a tur-key—oh, my!" And the saucers expanded to a wonderful degree of size, in the most alarming manner, greatly to the amusement of Mr. Ellerton, who had just arrived. Scattering a handful of pennies among the crew of gaping youngsters, he asked:

"Where is the young lady's room in this building, my little men? Can any of you tell me?"

"Yes, yes, sir! Number 23, third-story-back!" shrieked the children, jubilant over their unexpected "treat," and forthwith departed for the candy-shop on the corner.

"Ethel Lee," he murmured; and, noting the number of the house, he went away.

"O mother, mother!" cried Ethel, hastening into Number 23, third-story-back, with such unwonted animation as to cause the sweet-faced woman seated by the fireside to give an involuntary start.

"My dear child, what is it?"

"Now, don't be frightened, mother; there's nothing to worry about. Such a startling piece of intelligence—such an almost incredible story! Why, it seems just like a novel or a fairy-tale. Listen, and I will tell you all about it."

When Ethel had concluded her narrative she said:

"Well, mother, what do you think of it?"

"My poor child, mother feels very sorry that her pet should have been so much worried about a Christmas-present for her; and it was very generous and thoughtful of the young gentleman. Perhaps he may have a mother who loves him as I do my little girl. I only hope that his motive was honorable." And Mrs. Lee looked fondly at her daughter.

For Ethel was fair to gaze upon, and she could not but note the budding beauty of her young womanhood as she sat on a little stool near the fire, her eyes pensive and glistening with a new light, and her rose-tinted cheek glowing with health and happiness.

"I will fix our turkey now for dinner, mother, so that it will be all ready to pop into the oven the first thing in the morning; and then we'll divert ourselves with a quiet little chat for the remainder of the day. Shall we, mother?"

The afternoon was wearing away, and the Winter gloom was gradually veiling the earth to rest and darkness. They had been quiet now for some time, those two loving hearts in the rickety old tenement-house, when Mrs. Lee broke the silence.

"Sing to me, Ethel; sing the old songs that your father loved so dearly in the days of happiness and prosperity long since passed by."

And Ethel sang. The quaint little room was transformed into a palace of harmony—the noisy occupants of the neighboring landings ceased their strife, and every ear was drinking in the floods of melody—coming to the rude conception of the people as if the gates of heaven had been opened to them, and the seraphs were rejoicing anew over the glad Christmas-morn.

A heavy fall of snow during the night had covered the ground and house-tops with a bridal-veil of fleecy whiteness; the sky was clear and blue, and the sun shone with a cheerful warmth that seemed to imbue every person and living thing with a desire to be in its brightest spirits, and to vie one with the other in assuming a contented aspect.

Ethel began the duties of the day with a joyful heart, and while the turkey sputtered and browned, and emitted a most savory odor from the oven, she sat down at her mother's side for a confab about the handsome stranger who had made such an impression upon her imagination.

"I wonder if I shall ever see him again?" she was continually asking of herself.

The sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs outside interrupted further meditation, and she arose quickly upon hearing them halt at the door, which immediately resounded with a vigorous knock. A burly porter stood without, his arms filled with several large packages.

"Shure, an' is yer name Miss Lay, mum?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ethel.

"Thin these here bundles is fur yer, mum. Shall I fetch them in, mum?"

"For me!" cried Ethel, wonderingly. "I know nothing about them; there must be some mistake."

"Shure, mum, there isn't, axin' yer pardin for contradictin' yer. The gintleman gave me full directions. 'Pat' (for he knows me), says he, 'be shure yer don't mistake. Go straight to Rose court, thin to room Number Twinty-three, third-story-back, in the big tinement-house, an' say for Miss Ethl Lay. If yer see her, be afther a-givin' her these here bundles with my compliments; thin take yersilf off immajetly, an' I'll give yer five dollars. Shure, mum, but he's the rale gintleman, entirely."

What could Ethel do but take them? She knew instinctively who was the donor, and feared to wound his feelings by rejecting his presents. Yet she was glad to see that he had not forgotten her.

"Thank you," said Ethel, glancing at the card; "and if you should see Mr. Ellerton, tell him that I am very grateful for his kindness—I can never thank him enough for remembering me."

"Shure, an' I'll tell him that same, mum;" and with that the voluble Irishman withdrew.

When Ethel proceeded to untasten the various packages, seven in number, she uttered such a succession of "Oh's" and "Ah's" as to quite electrify her placid mother.

"Oh, mother! do look—what a beautiful cashmere wrapper! That must be for you."

"For me, my dear! How should your benefactor know of me in particular?"

"Why—why—I spoke of having an invalid mother; I don't exactly remember what I said, I was so confused."

"Always thinking about old mother's comfort, my darling!" said Mrs. Lee affectionately.

"And see, what a lovely blue poplin, real Irish poplin, mother; he thought I needed a dress badly, I guess," said Ethel, glancing at her old and much-patched skirt. "Why, we'll be so fine we won't know ourselves, will we?"

And so she continued to inspect every article, clapping her hands and uttering childish exclamations of delight.

There was a pair of tender young ducks, two or three pounds of fine white sugar, about the same amount of coffee and tea; some tempting fresh butter, a large box of the finest confections; and last, but not least, in an envelope secured to the lid of the box, a receipted order for two tons of coal, to be drawn in such desired quantity at a time, and ten dollars in crisp, new banknotes!

Poor Mrs. Lee was overwhelmed with astonishment and gratitude, and Ethel was like an insane thing over the unexpected treasures unfolded before her.

That Christmas-day was an epoch in the life of Ethel Lee, and opened the way to a still brighter destiny.

Ethel did not see her kind benefactor again for some time; but one day, while going home to dinner from the milliner's where she worked, feeling quite at ease among the richly dressed promenaders in her own new and tasteful outfit, she chanced to glance across the street, and there beheld the object of her thoughts seated in a carriage with an elderly and stylish-attired lady. His eyes met hers, and, bowing profoundly, as he spoke to the lady, he at the same time smiled pleasantly at Ethel, who blushed deeply, and returned the salutation, conscious that she had attracted the attention of those around her. When she looked up again, the carriage and its occupants had disappeared.

"She certainly possesses a charming face and manner," said Mrs. Ellerton, as she and her son were enjoying a cosy tete-a-tete breakfast, the morning after the meeting with Ethel. "And, what is more extraordinary, she bears a most striking resemblance to a former playmate of mine—in fact, to myself. Poor Jessie Holt—she married a penniless young lawyer, for which her father, a hard, stern man, cast her off forever. We all exclaimed against it, but it was useless. My father scolded me for sympathizing with her, and finally locked me up in my room to recover my senses, as he said; when I got out again, all traces of my dear Jessie were lost. I could never discover the name of the man she married—and from that day to this I have never heard of her. So now this interesting protegee of yours has strangely affected me by the likeness she bears to the friend of my youth."

"Suppose, *madre mia*," said Edgar, a sudden thought striking him, "that we make a visit to my 'Disguised Princess,' as I call her? She spoke of her mother, and who knows?—there might be more romance in the adventure than we now think for."

"I fear that my boy is losing his proud heart to this fair siren," she replied, smiling fondly upon the handsome, spirited young man.

"I saw her at the fancy fair," hummed Edgar; but his mother shook her head playfully, saying:

"At the market-house, my dear. You had better say 'in a crowd'—'twas in a crowd'—that seems to me the most matter-of-fact way to put it. Well, we'll go, at any rate; perhaps we may be able to assist them."

The elegant private carriage drove into Rose court with a dash and glitter that brought the people to their front doors and windows to see what was coming.

It was seldom that such fine visitors were seen in the vicinity, and the sensation amongst the neighbors was intense when an aristocratic-looking lady and gentleman stepped on to the pavement and entered the portal of the smutty old tenement-house.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Ellerton, pausing at the second floor to regain her breath; "what a dreadfully steep and wearisome staircase. Hark—what is that?"

Someone was singing; a woman's voice, a superb soprano, filled all the space with sound-waves of flute-like sweetness. So clear, so high, flexible and powerful! Truly, no Amina could have trilled the delicious melody "*Ah! non giunge!*" with more brilliancy and expression. Mother and son stared in amazement. They had both heard the same song at the opera, time and again; but never before had it sounded so enchanting.

They ascended cautiously, as if fearing to break the charm, and great was Edgar's delight on discovering that the music issued from Number Twenty-three.

"It is she—it is she!" he cried.

The songstress finished, and the door was quickly opened in answer to his summons.

Ethel started with surprise and pleasure when she recognized her visitors, but recovered herself and asked them to step into the room.

Edgar was about to introduce his mother, when she uttered a cry of astonishment and pleasure. She stood gazing at Mrs. Lee, who had risen from her chair, and was leaning on it for support—her usually pale face glowing with a glad look of recognition.

"Can it be? Jessie Holt!"

"Why—Sarah Linda!"

And the long separated friends met once more—not schoolgirls as of yore, but as wives, mothers and widows.

Christmas-day, one year later.

Mrs. Ellerton's magnificent brown-stone mansion is ablaze with lights and redolent with the perfume of hot-house plants and flowers. It is an event long looked for among the fashionable circles in which the Ellertons were shining ornaments, by reason of both wealth and position.

The orchestra, situated in the conservatory at the far end of the long entrance hall, strikes up the measures of Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding-march, and everyone is on the *qui vive* to behold the fair young bride as she enters the brilliant drawing-room on the arm of her handsome lover.

Draped in folds of creamy satin and foamy lace, radiant with happiness, Ethel is a thousand times lovelier than ever; and her mother, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Ellerton, gazes with pride and contentment on the young couple, and rejoices over the undimmed future open to them all, evermore.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there:
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long Winter's nap—
When on on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the instre of mid-day to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew, in a moment, it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CHRISTMAS EVE, THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A GOTHAMITE.

Of all festivities, current among the nations of Christendom, the holiday season of Christmas is the most universal, as well as the most ancient. In no solitary nook or corner of the civilized world is the advent of this period of hilarity not hailed with heartfelt enthusiasm, whether it chance upon the long bound mariner amid the Polar seas, the adventurous traveler struggling amid "Afric's burning sands," or the honest yeoman seeking blithesome repose in the bosom of his native land. Whatever be the manner of its celebration, naturally different in accordance with the temperament and characteristics of various peoples, there is a wonderful unity in the predominant ceremoni ls, with which we adorn the closing holiday of the closing year. Although in this, the New World, we may have discarded the literal reproduction of the grotesque and fantastic manners of our ancestors, we have preserved the spirit of the olden Christmas institutions lingering among us in a modified and less boisterous form. To the American, and particularly to the New Yorker, a knowledge of the significance of our customs at Christmastide is particularly interesting, inasmuch as the passing generation looks back with unalloyed pleasure to the hours of their earlier youth, when Christmas was embellished with remnants of earlier memories conducive to general hilarity; and, at the present moment, regret that we have annually dropped one by one the peculiarities, until Christmas, in these railroad times, has almost vanished into a fleeting show. For example—some thirty years ago, the managers of nearly every theatre in this city imagined it to be incumbent upon them to produce upon Christmas-eve, Cillo's prose tragedy of "George Barnwell," and it was regarded as a high compliment to an ambitious actress to be allowed to assume the part of Milwood. At present a revival of this unfortunately obsolete custom would be productive of overwhelming discomfiture; if not of mockery; still, in reality, the habitual performance of that play on the initial night of a pleasure season was a delicate and earnest compliment to the morality of the drama, and of a firm conviction as to its humanizing and instructive tendencies. Our immediate progenitors were exceedingly practical men, performing every action of life with commendable honesty. There were few sensational preachers in these days, and those were persons of little influence with reflecting individuals, whose standard amusement was based upon the diversion they regarded to be a high school in morality. Consequently, the tragedy of "George Barnwell" was annually given in fact obedience to popular opinion, as the theatre upon Christmas-eve was thronged by an audience drawn from a particular class, not habitual playgoers, to whom a sermon in a dramatic form would prove a source of profit as well as of amusement. The apprentices of New York were a numerous body of young men, ranging in years from fourteen to twenty-one, generally dwelling beneath the master-mechanic's roof and sharing at his board—forming, as it were, a dependent portion of the family-circle. In compliance with custom immemorial, each apprentice considered himself to be entitled to a Christmas-box, which generally took the shape of a theatre-ticket. Supping at his master's table on this special version, the worthy employer deemed it but correct that the manager should provide a good moral drama, and his choice invariably became fixed upon "George Barnwell," followed by a rattling farce of the good old school—something to drive sleep away. He sent our legion of 'prentice boys home to their beds in the best of humors, as the bell of St. Paul's struck the midnight hour, ringing with its deep-toned mouth a Merry Christmas far and wide.

And now, the bills of the Christmas-eve was ordinarily printed an instructive historical anecdote contained in a letter from an actor named Ross, who had won fame as the representative of Barnwell, to the author of the piece. The epistle related that a young man in London, having succumbed to the blandishments of the tempter, had, like Barnwell, murdered his master, when, chancing to witness Ross' performance, his conscience smote him, and, after discarding his syren, he entered upon a reformed and honest life. Although the actor modestly disclaimed any participation in the name of the repentant youth, the latter appears to have borne him in perpetual remembrance, inasmuch as the veteran performer informs us that never after, did he announce a benefit without receiving a gratuity of twenty guineas from some mysterious source, whom he suspected, and rightly, to be none other than the reformed apprentice. Curiously enough, it was at one of those Christmas performances of strolling players, wandering around England beneath patronage of some nobleman, influential at the court of Good Queen Bess, which afforded the first clue as to undoubtedly in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, when Hamlet remarks the influence of acting upon "guilty wretches at the play," suggesting to the prince the propriety of catching the conscience of the king through instrumentality of a scenic representation. Were the Barnwell performances all extinct in Elizabethan literature, he might have perused with satisfaction Stephen Gosson's "Pleasant Invective Against Pipers and Players," and read, with edification. Heywood's "Apology for Actors," a manly, sensible and disinterested defence of the drama as a profession, assailed by Gosson and other fanatics during the days of the "divine William" and of rare Ben Jonson. In Heywood's book—and, as he was contemporaneous with Shakespeare, the fact must have been known to the great dramatist—we find the following performances on Christmas-eve of a tragedy at a town in Sussex, therein was given a scene representing the poisoning of a husband by his wife. During this part of the play, a lady, heretofore of good repute and excellent family, alarmed the audience thoroughly after the death of the husband! my husband! she subsequently avowed that, in order to enjoy illicit favors from a young man, she had murdered her husband, whose ghost appeared to accuse her on the stage, in the very manner represented in the drama. Heywood further informs us that, upon her voluntary confession, the woman was tried, convicted and executed for a crime committed years before and, of which she had never in the least been suspected. And for the truth of his narrative the chronicler triumphantly appeals to the records of the court condemning this self-accused criminal. As a fac-simile reprint of Heywood's book was made by the Shakespeare Society in 1843 or thereabouts, it is within reach of Brother Talmage or any other Muckleraith of the anti-theatrical crusade, who will therein discover all their assaults upon the stage anticipated and controverted more than two centuries and a half since. And, with this experience before them, they need not marvel why the good master mechanics and tradesmen of New York took advantage of the eve to a Christian holiday to place before the eyes of their apprentices and clerks the tragical story of Barnwell, ruthlessly allured to crime and the gallows through the wiles of an insidious and fascinating harlot.

Nevertheless, provided the good and industrious apprentices annually enjoyed their fill of moral instruction, it must be admitted that idle and dissipated individuals of a similar social stamp most ruthlessly seized upon the auspicious night for an indulgence in a boisterous nocturnal parade. Under title of the Calathumpians, bands of roysterers perambulated the lower portions of the city, as we would at present indicate it, making night hideous with desultory noises and playing practical jokes upon belated wayfarers. These riotous bands were originally composed of embryo butchers, of those famous "boys from the Bowery," "who killed for Keyser and naturally did their own fighting," as the marrow bones and cleavers formed their only and not till then, musical instruments in execution of these time-honored hurly-burlies. From the earliest memory of even that mythical personage, the "oldest inhabitant," Christmas Eve was a tavorite period for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony in New York, and it was a delicate compliment on the part of uninvited guests to honor a well-known individual with an epithalamium towards the midnight hour of his wedding night. The staid Knickerbockers, however, did not relish this grotesque homage; still, as the music issued from Number Twenty-three.

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The songstress finished, and the door was quickly opened in answer to his summons.

Ethel started with surprise and pleasure when she recognized her visitors, but recovered herself and asked them to step into the room.

Edgar was about to introduce his mother, when she uttered a cry of astonishment and pleasure. She stood gazing at Mrs. Lee, who had risen from her chair, and was leaning on it for support—her usually pale face glowing with a glad look of recognition.

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criminate assemblages, and who merely levied exactions in the rich mince pies and beakers of hot-spiced rum, condiments supposed to have been patronized by the Wise Men of the East when upon their pilgrimage to the stable at Nazareth. When our reader munches his home-made pastry of highly seasoned, fine-minced meat by his Christmas fireside, he must remember that legitimately fabricated mince pies should be fashioned in the shape of troughs, or mangers, and well supplied with rich and rare spices, such as come from the distant Orient or the mysterious land of Arabia the Happy. Probably the Wise Men might have been dyspeptics, and our hot spiced rum an innovation foisted upon the venerable pilgrims and derived from our Dutch ancestors' commercial transactions with New England neighbors, famous for fabrication of that luxurious beverage.

However, our Calathumpians were found descendants of the Mohawks of British parentage, those darling and riotous blades who roamed around the streets of London towards the small hours in the morning, insulting belated females, assaulting inoffensive pedestrians, wrenching knockers from street-doors, and "boxing the Charlies," as was termed the operation of incarcerating a city watchman within his sentry-box. These disorderly individuals are alluded to in many of the older English comedies, and for stage purposes the race does not appear to be wholly extinct, inasmuch as Lord Lytton has seized in his comedy of "Walpole," upon the rescue of his heroine from the hands of the Mohawks, as a corner-stone for her devotion to the passion of his hero. Moreover, it will be remembered that Charles Coventry makes his appearance in "London Assurance," triumphantly bearing a door-knocker as evidence of participation in a midnight frolic.

Thirty years ago, when the Bowery was the centre of the popular dramatic attraction, and no leading theatre in existence above Canal street, the surroundings of the Thespian temples were of a decidedly exceptional character, according to our now prevalent estimation. Even Old Drury was flanked on either side by long rows of drinking saloons, many of them containing interior chambers dedicated to gaming, while not far distant in the more obscure by-streets were to be found the abodes of the frail frequenters of the third tier. Still this locality was a moral paradise compared with the quarter radiating from the Bowery, then the main artery of trade and of dissipation from the central to the eastern side of the town. Towards midnight of Christmas-eve there poured from the innumerable bar-rooms, oyster-houses and dance-saloons of that section a crowd of somewhat boisterous individuals, of men renowned for their muscular prowess, acknowledged professors of the fistic science. With no other idea than the indulgence in a boisterous diversion they sallied forth, followed by willing recruits, belaboring tin-kettles, blowing fish-horns, manipulating narrow-bones and cleavers; in fine, armed with every implement capable of rendering discord doubly hideous. Bands after bands congregating in front of well-known public-houses and regaling the neighborhood with unlimited quantities of ear-rending noises, set forth in a solid mass, beneath the guidance of some pugilistic marshal, to make the tour of a part of the town, levying forced contributions of wine and spirits from unwilling publicans, and paying odious compliments to political worthies, until at first streak of dawn they melted out of sight, and the din of their Satanic melodies died on the breath of the morning air. Thus ended the active life of the Carnival of Gotham, a rude and senseless saturnalia of annual occurrence, repulsive to good taste and to good morals, still tolerated as a custom, partially on account of the sparseness of our civic watchmen or their incapacity for its repression; for the "leather heads," incumbered with club and lantern, entertained a wholesome dread of incurring the indignation of individuals, proficients in the pugilistic science. But on the morrow, the most reputable citizens, able to have indulged in forty winks of undisturbed slumber, were treated to a curious spectacle upon arising to indulge in a morning walk. Almost instantly they comprehended the merriment of the Calathumpian peregrinations through observing that almost every man in business had, so far as the external world was concerned, suddenly and mysteriously changed his ordinary vocation. The grocer was surprised at finding over his door announcement that boots and shoes were there to be sold, while after a long and wearying search he discovered his own sign-board poised firmly above a cobbler's stall. Further investigation showed that his laundress had taken to "cupping and bleeding," while the modest tin sign of his family physician had given place to an astounding inscription, "Mangling Done Here." In lieu of the customary barber's pole, he discovered the carved effigy of a tobacconist's Indian, and, while seeking for his mutual "nip," he was perplexed at finding his favorite "Brown Jug" transformed into a significant "The Finish." In a word, not a sign-board capable of removal during the din of the Calathumpian hurly burly but had been wrenched from its habitual location and transplanted to other and most incongruous positions, and in their dexterous translation, so as to become a source of equal merriment and vexation, constituted the main charms, alluring boisterous revelers of the olden days to waste Christmas Eve and Morn in a nocturnal promenade, memory of which still loiters among the passing generation as indicative of the gay old times they had when they were young.

OLD VINT'S CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES LOVELL.

"Grand Hotel" is one of those imposing structures to be found in all large cities. Coming into town on Dec. 24, 12:30 P. M., our old-time friend Vint saw, by the glare of several cold-looking lamps of the street-class, two very tall and spectral-looking columns on either side of a wide entrance leading into the identical hotel. The columns seemed to say "Enter," and smiled a kind of stony welcome on old Vint.

This stony smile is an old trick of theirs; but being stone and lacking what we might call policy, the giant sentinels imagine everybody else ought to be detained travelers in quest of what is very liberally and justly called "bed and board." As a consequence, they sometimes work injury instead of good to the great hotel. For instance, Tom Fitzallis gazes on them with withering contempt because they smile mockingly and unsatisfactorily on Dick Wilson on the way, his bitter foe; and their smiles have precisely the same effect on Dick because they treat that villain Tom in the same coquettish style.

But as I was saying, they smiled on Vint, who, totally oblivious of the frowns of Dick and Tom, smiled in return and entered.

Up the grand staircase, on either side, great brilliant globes of light cast a comfortable feeling over him, and seemed in fact to reflect the smiles which appeared to congregate throughout the house.

The ordinary hotel-clerk is a meek and gentle creature, who, rather than starve, works for his board, and wears out his employer's old clothes; but the clerk of this highly fashionable house of entertainment is of the *genus* snob: he parts his hair in the middle, and will not be insulted at or for the smallest perceptible shade of down on his upper lip, facetiously yclept "a love of a moustache;" his shirt-front is a spotless white, the laundress being his particular friend, as he collects her exorbitant bills, in return for which service she does his washing for nothing, and now and then presents him with a brand-new shirt, which she procures in a manner peculiarly laundress-like.

The aforesaid clerk, as is usual on such occasions, smirked and smiled, and handed old Vint a remarkably bad pen, and thrust it into his hand in such a way as to endanger the cleanliness of the old gentleman's fingers.

With a look duly sensible of his inferior position, old Vint enriched the very greasy-looking "Register" with his autograph, and followed Virgo.

Vint, as a general thing, writes a tolerably bold and plain hand for a man turned sixty, but to-night his signature is a small, insignificant scrawl, looking for all the world like a little half-drowned mouse, sneaking, half scared to death, from the hiding-place to which it has been driven by a ferocious cat. It is perhaps hard on the old gentleman, this simile, but the clerk did look very much like the cat, ready to pounce upon her prey.

Now, if Vint had strutted round the office and inquired pompously after the health of General Somebody or the Hon. Stealall, or some other highly important but mythical personage, the thing behind the desk might have made a succession of respectful bows, leaped over the aforesaid desk, grasped old Vint's hand and smirked and bowed again, and placed his hand upon his coxcombish little heart, and showed him to Parlor A. But poor old Vint looked as if he'd never seen such a mighty man in all his modest life. As a natural consequence, the individual behind the snow-white front merely said:

"Patrick!"

"Yis, sir?"

"Show this party up to 987."

"Yis, sir."

If there is anything under the sun, moon, or gaslight repugnant to natures like the one possessed by Edward Vint, it is to be called a "party," by an utter stranger too! Not that there is anything particularly offensive in the phrase itself, but because it is an outgrowth of vulgar slang, and it involves to a certain degree a familiarity, on short acquaintance, with one's sacred person, which brings to mind a well-worn "saw" about "familiarity breeding contempt," or something to that effect.

But old Vint had, on this occasion, not a ghost of a chance to prove to the ethereal owner of the shirt-front that his disposition was decidedly lemonish at times, so to speak.

In the space of a few seconds his valise was snatched from his